



Class PN 4201

Book H86

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

1
HAWTHORNE'S

230
3052

7
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

RECITER.

37
Hurst / Langford
" "



NEW YORK :
HURST AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

PN 4201
H 86

ARGYLE PRESS,
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING,
265 & 267 CHERRY ST., N. Y.



PREFACE.

It is rashly asserted that the Age of Eloquence is past ; or, at least, that no orators are heard who might cope with the giants of the American rostrum. But the Persuasive Art can never become extinct where dwell the sons of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Randolph, Everett, Parker, Breckinridge, Marshall, Yancey, and our other immortals, whose voices echo eternally in the vistas of Time. Oratory is diffused and not thereby weakened ; it is not a plant that runs to seed, but a banyan tree, more and more lusty as it sends out a fresh root which rises to the sky—another monarch of the forest! No falling off can be in popularity of the divine gift which, when polished to perfection, is “all things to all men.” Indeed, every man can appreciate it; unlike science and its sister arts, no special training is demanded in the auditor and judge, since the sole implement is the tongue, with which all are born, and the materials are the words which each has the same chance to gather and employ. In the same degree of power, witchery, and facility not all may wield it, but there is no restriction on the enjoyment of the words by any one. In every corner of our vast country cluster its worshipers—where the gold-stampers thunder, the factory chimney fumes, the ship-yard adze rings on the pine knot, and the iron bolt repulses the sledge; the molten metal hisses, and the grove shudders as the ax descends—in the bank parlor and on the city square—throngs hasten into rank to hear the public speaker. In spite of a thousand meretricious sirens, the plain, sincere voice irresistibly draws and retains.

Why is this?

Because to express thought is foremost of man's desires, and to express it properly a universal aim. The babe itself prattles to the family—the schoolboy to his fellows—the workingman to his comrades—the student to his brother collegians, and the budding statesman to the debating club.

Oratory is the marching-tune of the movement of Civilization in a free country; the right of free speech would be a mockery unless widely exercised. Tyrants might laugh where it was garbled and stammered. It is democratic, for Nature does not bestow the boon where prayed for, or it would be purchased by a royal fee. But we see King George tongue-tied while Patrick Henry, in his homespun suit, denounces him in a burning philippic of which the caustic still bites.

Even those more lowly born have reached the highest eyries by the art of elocution. When a school-boy Hamilton—the guardian angel of the young Republic—enthralled a rural gathering; Hampden was a country squire when he rebuked Charles First, and Desmoulins a briefless lawyer when, mounting a table in the Paris park, he electrified the supine populace into wrecking an ancient throne and storming the Bastile.

This collection is distinguished for the care and taste shown in selections fitted for effective delivery in educational halls, the drawing-room, or on the open-air platform at all manner of assemblies. These are the favorite pieces, with those as worthy of becoming familiar and endeared; not so brief as to exasperate by insufficiency or so long as to tire speaker and hearer; they enshrine brilliant thoughts in that agreeable form proportioned to the powers of the novice and the broader range of the experienced student. The boundless variety enables a profound test of one's resources, talents, and elasticity of organ. In force and elegance of diction, they will serve as well for models of style if imitation for extempore addresses should be attempted.

Fathers may trustingly place this volume in their son's hands; professors may place it in their pupil's—for eloquence is the purest of the arts: silence is the shield of evil. The pieces in which a mixed audience delight are those inculcating only the finest and saintliest sentiments, flowing from the good, the pious, the patriotic, and the truly great. No man dare stand up before a hundred and repeat the vicious verse that amused a clique in a corner—but these choice pieces have not a blush among them all for the gentlest maiden's cheek.

Some say our mother tongue is not that of song—it is that of honest, hearty, manly speech. These pages are drawn from the tricentennial volume signed by Milton, Shakespeare, Scott, and the other immortals. In their bursts and flights of inspiration, the orator will meet the means to quench ignoble passions and inflame those lofty ones which light a people to fame and victory.

The would-be orator who studies our well-tryed instructions and puts them into practice upon the numerous examples following, will certainly entertain his friends; he should impress an audience; and he may hope, in elevating them, to raise himself to no insignificant place—in the arena, the Legislature, the Senate—who knows? to that chair which orators have occupied—Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln!

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Address at Gettysburg, <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	295	Days That are Gone..... <i>Chas. Mackay</i>	307
Address to the Heavenly Bodies, <i>Henry Ware, Jr.</i>	300	Death of the Flowers, The, <i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i>	124
Address to the Sun..... <i>Ossian</i>	244	Decisive Integrity..... <i>Wm. Wirt</i>	117
Address to the Surviving Veterans of the Revolution..... <i>D. Webster</i>	74	Declaration of Independence, The, <i>Carl Schurz</i>	45
African Chief, The..... <i>Wm. C. Bryant</i>	188	De Soto.....	66
Aim of Don Quixote, The, <i>George Ticknor</i>	183	Destruction of Sennacherib, The, <i>Byron</i>	110
Alcestis and Pheres.....	282	Difficulty of Rhyming, The.....	161
Alpine Scenery..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	190	Downfall of Poland, The..... <i>Campbell</i>	24
A Man's a Man for A' That, <i>Robert Burns</i>	25	Drowned Mariner, The..... <i>E. O. Smith</i>	308
Ambition..... <i>Henry Clay</i>	123	Dwellings of the Dead.....	320
American Flag, The..... <i>J. R. Drake</i>	170	Dying Alchemist, The..... <i>N. P. Willis</i>	26
American Laborers..... <i>C. Naylor</i>	267	Dying Gladiator, The..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	162
Angels of Buena Vista, The, <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	258	Elegy in a Country Church-yard, <i>Thomas Gray</i>	103
Annabel Lee..... <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	37	Execution of Montrose, The, <i>Wm. E. Ayton</i>	253
Antiquity of Freedom, The, <i>Wm. C. Bryant</i>	256	Extract from Rienzi..... <i>Mary R. Mitford</i>	275
Apostrophe to the Ocean..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	245	First Te Deum, The..... <i>M. J. Preston</i>	61
Arab's Farewell to His Steed, The, <i>Mrs. Norton</i>	58	Flight for Life, The..... <i>Wm. Sawyer</i>	147
Archie Dean..... <i>G. Hamilton</i>	139	Forging of the Anchor, The, <i>S. Ferguson</i>	279
Arctic Lover, The.. <i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i>	44	Forgive and Forget..... <i>M. F. Tupper</i>	217
Awaking of a Great Nation, The, <i>Milton</i>	16	Fourth of July Ode..... <i>James R. Lowell</i>	54
Baron's Last Banquet, The, <i>A. G. Greene</i>	111	Future of America, The..... <i>Webster</i>	15
Battle of Irvy, The..... <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	21	Garfield..... <i>James G. Blaine</i>	215
Battle of Waterloo, The.. <i>Victor Hugo</i>	174	General Wolfe to his Army..... <i>Aikin</i>	72
Bells, The..... <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	150	German Character..... <i>A. S. Hoyt</i>	146
Blennerhassett..... <i>Wm. Wirt</i>	193	Ginevra..... <i>Samuel Rogers</i>	286
Bombastic Description of a Midnight Murder.....	108	Gladiator, The.....	79
Books..... <i>E. P. Whipple</i>	169	Green River..... <i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i>	86
Boy, The..... <i>N. P. Willis</i>	198	Graves of the Patriots, The, <i>J. G. Percival</i>	102
Brakeman at Church, The.....	152	Hagar in the Wilderness.. <i>N. P. Willis</i>	302
Briefless Barrister, The..... <i>J. G. Saxe</i>	47	Hallowed Ground... <i>Thomas Campbell</i>	310
Cataract of Lodore, The, <i>Robert Southey</i>	38	Hamlet's Advice to a Son Going to Travel.....	127
Cato's Soliloquy..... <i>Joseph Addison</i>	180	Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.....	155
Caught in the Quicksand.. <i>Victor Hugo</i>	109	Hannibal to his Army.....	233
Character of Napoleon..... <i>Lamartine</i>	50	Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep..... <i>Shakespeare</i>	178
Character of Napoleon, The, <i>W. Phillips</i>	81	Heroism..... <i>Hale</i>	113
Charcoal Man, The.. <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	82	Herve Riel..... <i>Robert Browning</i>	229
Church-yard, The.. <i>Nicolai Karamsin</i>	278	Hohenlinden..... <i>Thomas Campbell</i>	236
Cicero Against Mark Antony.....	314	Home..... <i>James Montgomery</i>	283
Classical Study..... <i>Henry A. Frink</i>	159	Horatius at the Bridge, <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	114
Closing Year, The..... <i>G. D. Prentice</i>	77	Hunter's Vision, The, <i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i>	164
Coliseum, The..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	49	Hymn of Praise by Adam and Eve, <i>John Milton</i>	268
Contrast. The: or, Peace and War....	234	Hymn to the Night.. <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	95
Creeds of the Bells, The.. <i>G. W. Bungay</i>	93	Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers, An..... <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	83
Custer's Last Charge..... <i>F. Whittaker</i>	64	Indian Girl's Lament, The, <i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i>	42
Dante and Milton Compared, <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	187	Indian's Claim, The... <i>Edward Everett</i>	62
Darkness..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	224		

CONTENTS.—CONTINUED.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Indian's Tale, The.....	J. G. Whittier 222	Psalms of Life, A....	H. W. Longfellow 96
Indians, The.....	Charles Sprague 265	Raven, The.....	Edgar A. Poe 119
Isabel.....	James Russell Lowell 91	Reign of Terror, The..	Lord Macaulay 137
Lake of the Dismal Swamp, The,		Reply to Hayne.....	Daniel Webster 87
Thomas Moore.....	185	Reverie, A.....	James Russell Lowell 199
Lee's Miserables.....	201	Richard of Gloster.....	John G. Saxe 316
Letting the Old Cat Die.....	71	Richelieu's Vindication, Edw. George	
Lexington.....	Oliver Wendell Holmes 17	E. Bulwer.....	290
Lines on a Skeleton.....	306	Riley Echo, A.....	138
Lochiel's Warning.....	Thomas Campbell 251	Rising of the Vendee, The, George	
Love of Country.....	Sir Walter Scott 41	Croly.....	292
Making Love in the Choir.....	60	Romance of a Hammock.....	210
Marshal Ney's Last Charge at Water-		Sam Weller's Valentine..	Chas. Dickens 34
loo.....	J. T. Headley 40	Second Inaugural Address, Abraham	
Modern Belle, The.....	Stark 177	Lincoln.....	295
Moon's Mild Ray, The..	John H. Bryant 318	Seminole's Reply, The...G. W. Patten	46
Moral Glories.....	Horace Mann 313	Senator's Pledge, The..	Chas. Sumner 128
Moral Warfare, The....	J. G. Whittier 73	Serenade.....	James G. Percival 194
Murdered Traveler, The, W. C. Bryant	75	Shipwreck, The.....	John Wilson 249
My Mother's Bible.....	G. P. Morris 156	Skeleton in Armor, The, H. W. Long-	
National Injustice.....	Theo. Parker 209	fellow.....	130
New England.....	Percival 90	Speech of the Scythian Ambassadors	
Nightfall.....	W. W. Ellsworth 196	to Alexander the Great.....	Aikin 107
No God.....	N. K. Richardson 32	Speech on the American War, Lord	
Nothing but Leaves.....	312	Chatham.....	239
Not on the Battle-field.....	J. Pierpont 181	Sphinx.....	James R. Lowell 55
Obligations of America to England,		Spirits of the Storm...N. J. Clodfelter	211
Edward Everett.....	237	Soliloquy of the Gambler's Wife,	
Oh ! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal		Coates.....	218
be Proud.....	172	Somebody's Mother.....	97
On Beauty.....	Shakespeare 319	Song of Marion's Men, Wm. Cullen	
On his Own Blindness...John Milton	318	Bryant.....	51
On Procrastination.....	Young 179	Song of the Greeks.....	Campbell 270
On Shakespeare.....	Hartley Coleridge 319	Song of the Shirt.....	Thomas Hood 157
Opinions Stronger than Armies, L. A.		Tact and Talent.....	276
Ostrander.....	28	Thanatopsis.....	Wm. Cullen Bryant 19
Over the River.....	N. A. W. Priest 57	Three Words, (The); Arnold, the	
Overthrow of Belshazzar, B. Cornwall	300	Traitor.....	George Lippard 98
Our One Life.....	Horatius Bonar 301	To the Future....James Russell Lowell	175
Parental Ode to My Infant Son, A,		Vagabonds, The.....	J. T. Trowbridge 29
Hood.....	271	Valuable Hints for Students... Todd	227
Passing Away.....	J. Pierpont 69	Venomous Bowl, The..	N. J. Clodfelter 126
Passions, The.....	William Collins 273	Village Blacksmith, The, Henry W.	
Pilgrim Fathers, The..	Chas. Sprague 246	Longfellow.....	53
Pilgrim Fathers, The....	J. Pierpont 163	Washington and Lincoln Compared,	
Pilgrim's Vision, The, Oliver W. Holmes	166	Charles Sumner.....	297
Pleasures of Hope.....	Campbell 219	White Mountains, The, J. G. Whit-	
Poetry of the Sea, The.....	Glover 18	tier.....	220
Power of Shrines, The.....	88	Widow of Glencoe, The, Wm. E. Ay-	
Prisoner of Chillon, The..	Lord Byron 202	toun.....	261
Progress of Society, The, William E.		Wreck of the Hesperus, The, H. W.	
Channing.....	242	Longfellow.....	134

ADVICE, SUGGESTIONS, AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Of all instruments the most beautiful is the human voice. Many a man who walks the streets penniless had a fortune in his throat as surely as an operatic tenor, for a good speaker or reader is more sure of a safe position than a stage-hero. But the voice must be cultivated and cared for or there will be no variety in the tone, and improper management of it will displease where it might have gladdened. By finding out your vocal defects and skillfully avoiding betrayal of them by selecting the line of oratory in which not only may a voice too strong and harsh affect and impose but also excel, more than one aspirant to fame has conquered the palm. We have a convincing example in the tragedian Charles Kean, whose voice was his chief obstacle, but he constrained it to serve him and, at least, he made himself endurable. This proves that tuition is not thrown away, even when self-administered. The most serious gaps may be bridged over, weak notes strengthened by simple remedies, unmusical ones palliated, and patient, well-informed endeavors amply repaid.

In pronouncing the consonants five positions of the organs of speech are taken; the least divergence from the correct one changing the sound materially. Articulation makes the difference between *b* and *p*, *t* and *d*, etc. Hence the enunciation must be attended to even if one had "the golden mouth" of St. John. It follows that those speakers are most captivating and forcible who speak measuredly,

though without growing monotonous and phonograph-like. The variations in tone give pleasure, and that in speed still another. Sometimes, to imply rapid action, extreme quickness of utterance is necessary, but distinctness may yet be maintained. The late Charles Mathews was renowned for the celerity of his "patter," but a shorthand writer could take down his words as readily as those of a speaker at one third of his rate. Unless, too, the audience hear understandingly every word, recitation is but a farce. Indeed, if the words are transmitted clearly, although the delivery lacked perfection of intonation, the hearers' minds would supply what was wanting and the speaker win applause. As in other cases, mastery of self must be preserved, for the uncurbed tongue becomes unintelligible. The poet Menander said that one could as easily recall a stone flung from the hand as the word once spoken; a writer may correct his error at the last moment—the orator has no such a privilege.

The volume of sound poured out must be considered in proportion to the length of the piece and the demand it makes on the system; it is a good rule to be moderate in the majority of the passages as regards loudness, and if you begin without much intensity you can long continue untaxed. This level tone is the background to your vocal picture, your accentuated and loudly uttered lines are the shades and high lights, to borrow again the terms of a sister art. You have a kind of gamut of tones from the hoarse whisper of horror to the cheer or shout of relief and victory, but you must not abuse even these effects, for, the keener the weapon, the sooner it is blunted by use.

In friendly meetings, and those of the popular sort, imitations of the cries of inarticulate creatures, noises of natural objects, and the peculiarities of singular characters may be allowed if faithfully executed; but, generally, the point should be made by laying stress on the passage and distinctly uttering the conventional phrase for the sound.

Dialect Characters.—Unless one, also, is excellent at dialect, it is dangerous to choose such speeches, as in our country of miscellaneous nationalities a bungling essay will fail to please the native element and will anger the foreigner.

Direction of Voice.—The voice is to be directed straight down the hall or across the room; so that the farthest auditor may hear. In making allusions to an imaginary person in the piece, do not fix your eyes on any individual in the room; this act, while it often raises a laugh, is vulgar and reprehensible.

Personal Appearance.—Such is the diversity of subjects that no one gifted with voice and intelligence need shrink from the platform because his appearance is not in his favor. Signora Pasta, a once celebrated operatic singer, was ugly, but if she sang before her entrance—as she always stipulated that she should do—her reception was flattering. The ungainly and uncomely would require the finest qualities of voice and the most intelligent rendition to succeed in the serious, elevated and beautiful styles. On the contrary, pity would help him in the grotesque and horrible vein, and the wide world of the comic and burlesque parodies which are plentiful above all, is his nearly entirely. But Goethe has well said that “Nature provides no fault which may not become a virtue”; a hunchback is popularly supposed to be witty beyond more favored men physically, and, thanks to the tradition of Æsop, one is accepted without laughter in satirical pieces. In any event, an insignificant and unseemly frame has not hindered talent. “The little man,” Edmund Kean, at whom the Adonises of the London stage sneered, sallow, pinched by hunger, long-nosed, scarce taller than a manikin, stood upon prejudices the foremost tragedian of England.

Manner.—Three schools of oratory are among us: the English, the Northern, and the Southern, of which the French, the Delsartian, and cognate eccentricities are but offshoots. The first is suitable to the politician, lawyer in

grave cases, statistician, and serious debater; in this the speaker never shows excitement; he repeats a hostile argument in the same feelingless tone as his own counterblast is spoken; he rarely notices interruptions, and only at the conclusion does he indulge in poetry and human feeling; he may use notes and he resembles a reader. The New England or North American style is an exaggeration of this: the features are immobile as a mask of bronze; the voice is inflexible; the gestures few and stereotyped; if the address be humorous the laugh is fortified by the incongruity of the text with the stiff figure and mournful face; Artemus Ward perplexed the Londoners by this unsympathetic mode. Nevertheless it accords with the already convinced, who find in the unruffled speaker a confirmation of their opinion.

The Southern style is fervid and out of date east of the Mississippi and north of the Alleghanies; it is imitated in the West. The oration begins in a high key and the intensity is kept up to the finale; for invectives, patriotic, eulogistic, high-flown poetry it wins the populace, but it is trying, exhausting, and so near the edge of bombast as to make a sensible reciter fear that he will be mocked at. Still, in patriotic pieces, it should be employed for the conclusion, but be gradually worked up to.

The style has gone out when the interpreter sought to enact the original expositor; he now modestly holds himself as a mouthpiece, subdued in tone and bearing and always under the rein.

Attitude.—A lecturer stands at his book-rest side-wise to the audience, but turns his face to them when speaking: on going up to the map, panorama, or picture to point at, he must keep his face toward them, though it need not be fully turned. A reader faces his audience, whether the table for his notes, book, and refreshment is between them or not. The reciter stands facing them also; for variety's sake he may speak a line or two facing one or the other flank of the audience. If thoroughly he divorces himself

from his voice, so to say, he will have neared perfection according to our latest fashion; only the celebrity and the comic reciter is supposed to be regarded for his appearance. As the main thing, nervousness must not be revealed; it has a counteraction on the hearers and disposes them against the speaker. Consequently, as one position held too long would pain, the pose can be altered, but not frequently, and always after a sentence has been commenced and so quietly as not to draw notice; but do not do it surreptitiously, or the suggestion of concealment will pique the observer. Unfortunately, in evening dress, the hands if gloved, as strictness commands, are much too conspicuous. They are to be but seldom used, and then briefly and in as simple, elegant curving lines as possible; rather, too, the right alone than both together. Usually they hang by the side at ease, but not as a soldier carries his; some, for a point, let them hang very loosely after a telling effect or at the closing bow to suggest prostration on account of the task accomplished.

Gesticulation.—In all good circles, the conventional gestures, derived from Lebrun's "Passions," are no longer used. They are condemned as unnatural or theatrical, much the same thing. The few employed must be appropriate and such as the subject suggests as its phases arise; practiced till smooth, which their limited number facilitates, they must not seem insincere, prepared, and automatic. Not much freedom can be expected in the stiff collar, inflexible linen front, and "claw hammer" coat, but gracefulness must be striven for in all movements. Vehemence of gesture is therefore out of the question. This suppression of gesticulation, together with that of facial expression, again gives the reciter more time for conduct of his voice.

Entrances and Exits.—If the piece concerns one character, its manner may be suggested by the manner of coming upon the platform; if not, avoid as well the insolent as-

surance of the conceited as the tranquillity of the indifferent. An audience wishes to be shown that it is the master. Having saluted it generally with a comprehensive bow, bestow one on the distinguished guests or other principals, and, in a less prominent manner, on any persons sitting on the platform; this is not strictly correct in the theatrical code, as these intruders are not supposed to be there; but it is courteous, and these will not be the less hearty in applause for your politeness. For the exit, having bowed rather prolongedly after the last words, cross without apparent hurry but really briskly to the side of the platform for exit, turn, bow again slowly and quickly step back with a calmly smiling face, and retire.

Facial Expression.—Until lately, a reciter was expected to be something of an actor, reflecting on his countenance the words depicted in the pieces. But, except in character-costume recitals, the modern elocutionist “keeps his face” just a shade relaxed from impassibility, whatever the emotions his voice dilates upon. The born mimic and the actor, however, are unfettered in departing from this law, for the increased illusion is enjoyed even by the most fastidious audience. This statuesque bearing is easier for the exponent, and it harmonizes with classical pieces, descriptions of remote historical events, scenery, statuary, and episodes of foreign travels. Concentrated on his voice, the reciter can hope for a less arduous triumph than formerly.

Dress.—Except in character-costume sketches, when the reciter has to “make up the face” as well as dress like the personage whose voice he takes, demands of apparel are not nowadays onerous. An evening suit in the best taste, erring in severity if at all, suffices for all occasions after four o'clock P. M.; previously the morning dress is according to regulation. In any hall where the daylight is excluded, the evening dress is worn although the audience may be in demi-toilet. Nothing extravagant or fanciful is allowed in the dressing of the hair or wearing of jewelry. To call atten-

tion to one's self when the recital is "the thing" would be vulgar.

Delivery.—"What is most wondrous and powerful in art is due to nature"; this being true, the more natural you are in pieces not on the face of them artificial, like boudoir verse, the more certain your triumph. But you cannot dispense with the added luster of art. Be fluent, always audible, and consistent with your conception of the theme and its suggestions for vocal interpretation. To attain ease will be difficult but "they can conquer who believe they can."

Emphasis.—By gradations in the stress placed here and there, oratorical ornament is obtained. It is so common a fault, very strong in localities and in classes, to emphasize wrongly, that you must look studiously for the exact place to locate the accentuation. If put upon the verbs, the effect will be of power; if on the adjectives, of charm; for the poets in particular, choose the latter for their melody.

Reading.—One of the most profitable public posts is that of the clerk who reads documents in courts, halls, and offices; it is difficult to fill, as the art of reading well is rarely cultivated. Only by long exercise is one enabled to read any article at sight; consequently, a piece should be read over several times before recited in public, to master the hard and unusual words and learn where to husband the breath for a long sentence. Do this before a critical friend who will correct mispronunciation and, mainly, undue haste, which causes indistinctness.

Rehearsing.—It is not enough to repeat your piece before the mirror with the appropriate gestures to your own satisfaction. "The seeds of *elocution* may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public." Repeat before an older and judicious critic, and then before a small audience of friends. Certainly once—but three times if you can—recite in the hall—or a similar room—and when lighted up as on the occasion. Here, again, a friend at the back should counsel you on the range of your voice.

Choosing Pieces.—You may rely on sympathy guiding you to the most suitable pieces. Boldness in picking out novelty will often win when prudence would have selected the worn-out and commonplace. Often an audience, lulled by dulcet periods, will welcome a page of Carlyle, Lowell, or Browning, or on the other hand applaud a dainty flake of froth from a parlor poet. Besides, what is to your own liking will logically be delivered with profound acquaintance, and there can be no error if your kind of voice and appearance concord with its style. As almost all prose pieces fitted for recitation have the rhythm and meter at which our polished writers aim, there is little difference between prose and poetry for practice. In the latter one may, if not on guard, grow humdrum, but by changing the pieces according to meter, variety will always prevail. For popular gatherings pieces devoid of literary allusions, foreign names and remote parallels, and sonorous in diction, take the prize.

Learning a Piece.—When the piece is one with which liberty may be taken get the gist or meaning of it before troubling about the words clothing it. Writing them out fixes them most quickly and deeply on the mind. Generally three times copying will do, but five or nine will suffice for even unimpressible memories. If you are pressed for time or the piece is not to be recalled afterward, learn as actors do: get the string of words by rote like a parrot is crammed, without heed of the meanings; then separate by paragraphs and discriminate by sense and elocutionary needs.

HAWTHORNE'S SCHOOL AND COLLEGE RECITER.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Daniel Webster.

Let us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed in its light, and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend their influence still more widely; in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall

then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation ; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty ; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations ! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth !

THE AWAKING OF A GREAT NATION.

John Milton.

Methinks I see, in my mind, a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her dazzled eyes at the full midday beam ; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

LEXINGTON.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.

Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing !

Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet !
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
" Tell to our sons how their fathers have died,"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall ;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again ;
Proudly, at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high ;

Many a belted breast
 Low on the turf shall rest,
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;
 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darkened hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Born on her northern pine
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun.
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

THE POETRY OF THE SEA.

Glover.

The sea is of itself, in every phase, the most wondrous poem of nature. Its very prose, in its strangeness and vastness, rises to the dignity of poetry. It combines, as nothing else on earth, the poetic elements of beauty and sublimity.

It is a poem of beauty : beauty of color in the emerald and blue of its glistening foam-caps, and in its blazing phosphorescence, when silver to the moon or golden in the sunlight ; where purple in the haze or black by the thunder-cloud : beauty of form, in every curling wave and undulating swell : beauty of sound, in every ripple on its rocks, and all its mighty, ceaseless murmurings.

It is sublime in its power. Men have built great barriers and erected strong dikes ; but impassioned ocean has dashed

them to spray, and, leaping across the boundaries, swallowed up the land. They have built splendid cities, and made beautiful broad countries : and the sea has risen in tidal waves and swept them away like the drift-wood of the shore. Surmounted, but never subdued—broken, yet never destroyed : yielding to an infant's hand, it wears away the rocks we call everlasting, and builds new continents as it built the old.

It is sublime in its mystery : mystery in the icy prisons of the North ; in the unknown isles of the South ; in the strange lands of its enfathomed depths ; in the wondrous life it sustains ; in the mighty forces to which it responds. But to us, sublimest mystery of all, it has locked for ages, in its deep bosom, the saddest secrets of our race. It chants the ceaseless, solemn requiem ; but tells no tales of the countless dead that have left within it a double mystery of the grave, passing by unknown fates through the portals of the unknown life. Noble ships, like the *Arctic*, fade away into the fog-banks never to come forth. Careless hearts sail out toward shores they never see, and home calls them back in vain ; but the sea gives no sigh. Many-voiced, yet silent as eternity itself, eternity alone shall reveal its mystery.

The sea is a Poem, as it moans in a sad, minor key about the lonely fisher's hut, to the heart of the watching fisher-wife ; as it shrieks in wild glee, raging through the rigging of the tempest-tossed vessel ; as it sings an endless song of eternal sunshine and slumber about "the isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." It is an Epic, as it rolls through the gulf stream, winding and broadening, bearing swiftly on hopes and fears, and passions and gains. It is a Drama, as through its ever-rolling atoms continent speaks to continent, and wave towering aloft answers to wave. It is a Lyric, as it swells around jutting slopes of verdure, and creeps in tide away up the narrow river, or rises in atoms to greet the sun.

It sang its first anthem of praise to the One Ruler of its waters ; and the same old *Te Deum*, grander than organ notes, still rolls along its shores.

THANATOPSIS.

William Cullen Bryant.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send its roots abroad and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That made the meadows green ; and, poured around all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet, the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet, all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them. So live
That when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Lord Macaulay.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !

Now, let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant
land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of
war.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre !
Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears,
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land !

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand ;

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's unpurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living Power who rules the fate of
war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre !
The king is come to marshal us, all in his armor drest ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " Long live our lord
the King ! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war—

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."
Hurrah the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin !
The fiery Duke is speeding fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

“ Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge—for the golden lilies now—upon them with the
lance ! ”

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, Heaven be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds and flags and cloven
mail.

And then we thought of vengeance ; and all along our van
“ Remember St. Bartholomew ! ” was passed from man to
man ;

But out spoke gentle Henry, “ No Frenchman is my foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.”

Oh was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Ho, maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright !

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
slave,

And mocked the council of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

Campbell.

Oh, sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile, and Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile, when leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars her whiskered pandors and her fierce hussars ; waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn, pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn ; tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van, presaging wrath to Poland—and to man ! Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed, wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—"Oh, heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding country save ! Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ? Yet though destructions weep these lovely plains, rise fellow-men ! our COUNTRY yet remains ! By that dread name, we wave the sword on high—and swear, for her to live !—with her to die !" He said : and on the rampart heights arrayed his trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ! firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form, still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ! Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly—REVENGE OR DEATH ! the watchword and reply ; then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm, and the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !

In vain, alas ! in vain ye gallant few, from rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew ! Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time, Sarmatia fell—unwept—without a crime ! found not a generous friend—a pitying foe—strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe ! Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear—closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ! Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell, and Freedom shrieked—as KOSCIUSKO fell ! The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ; tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—on Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow, his blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. The storm prevails ! the rampart yields away—bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay ! Hark ! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall, a thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ! Earth shook ! red meteors flashed along the sky ! and conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD ! ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled ! Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man ; fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van ! Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone, and make

her arm puissant as your own ! Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return the PATRIOT TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN !

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Robert Burns.

Is there, for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that.
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that ;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that ;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 When man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

Nathaniel P. Willis.

(Abridged.)

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;
 Yet still it burned ; and ever as his thoughts
 Grew insupportable, he raised himself
 Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
 With difficult energy ; and when the rod
 Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
 Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
 Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
 Muttered a curse on death. The silent room,
 From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
 His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
 Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when
 Duly the antique horologe beat one,
 He drew a vial from beneath his head,
 And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
 And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
 He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
 Upright, and communéd with himself :

“ I did not think to die
 Till I had finished what I had to do ;
 I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
 With this my mortal eye ;
 I felt—O God ! It seemeth even now
 This cannot be the death-dew on my brow !

“ And yet it is. I feel,
 Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid ;

And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade ;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

“ Grant me another year,
God of my spirit !—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within !
I would know something here !
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken.
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

“ Vain, vain ! my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing, burning,
Dying,—O God ! if I might only live !
My vial—Ha ! it thrills me !—I revive.

“ Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky ;
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye ;
To hurl the lightning back ;
To tread unhurt the sea’s dim-lighted halls ;
To chase day’s chariot to the horizon walls ;

“ And more, much more, for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move
To nurse and purify this human love,
To clear the god-like brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one.

“ This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream.
To live,—O God ! that life is but a dream !
And death—Aha ! I reel !
Dim ! dim ! I faint ! darkness comes o’er my eye !
Cover me ! save me ! God of Heaven, I die !”

’Twas morning, and the old man lay alone :
No friend had closed his eyelids ; and his lips.
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore

Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire, a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down, an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked !
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

OPINIONS STRONGER THAN ARMIES.

Luther A. Ostrander.

There is a vignette representing a heavy sword thrown across a dozen quills, crushing and destroying them. In the thrilling times of war, the picture seems the illustration of truth rather than the artist's fancy. When governments lay their hands on their sword-hilts, and nations marshal themselves in battle array, it is natural to believe the sword mightier than the pen, armies stronger than opinions. Strength is a force known only in its results. An army is a gigantic force. It marches forth with roll of drums, and proud banners streaming, bayonets gleaming in the sunlight. Earth trembles under its measured tread, and it is full of grandeur. It sweeps to the battle with the fury of a tempest ; dark battalions roll together ; squadrons charge with flashing sabers, and dense sulphurous clouds hail iron. It returns with honored scars, torn battle-flags, and shouts of victory.

Military strength is physical strength. It defies reason ; hews congenial States asunder ; chains in repulsive union the deadliest enemies. What is the strength of opinions ? Opinions are ideas, condensed thoughts. They, too, are force ; but a force intellectual and enduring. Inventing a press, they print a Bible, and stamp progress on every page of history. Under their influence the hydra, terrible upon the waters, and the dragon, vomiting fire, are metamorphosed

into the steamship and locomotive ; the savage becomes a man ; he dives into the profundity of philosophy, flashes his thoughts over magnetic wires, and, with the airy lightness of genius, soars to the farthest bounds of immensity. Are not opinions stronger than armies ? The convulsed lips of the poisoned Socrates proclaim it ; the classic periods of Tully proclaim it ; the mute eloquence of the past and the fiery logic of the present proclaim it. It may be objected that Marathon, Yorktown, and Gettysburg were glorious triumphs of arms. True ; but were they not also glorious triumphs of opinions ? What were those conquering armies but embodiments of a lofty patriotism, the genius of liberty, and the spirit of freedom ? Our glorious victories—what are they but drum-beats that keep time to the march of opinions ? Our armies—they are not composed of vassals, but of thinkers, voters, men—high-minded men, who use the ballot as wisely as they wield the sword—sustaining with brain, sweat, and heart-blood their grand opinions. Armies are the towers of strength which men have built ; opinions are the surging waves of the ocean which God has made, beating against those towers and crumbling them to dust.

The dim light of the past reveals to us the forms of gigantic empires, whose mighty armies seem omnipotent. A halo of martial glory surrounds them, and then fades away ; their marble thrones crumble ; their iron limbs are broken ; their proud navies are sunk. To-day, History, dipping its pencil in sunlight, records the sublime triumphs of opinions. The sword rounds the periods of the pen ; the ballot wings the bullet ; school-houses accompany cannon-balls ; and principles bombard forts and thunder from iron-clads. Glorious is the morning dawn ! Science fringes the lands of darkness with a border of light ; and the sun of Christianity, glowing along the Eastern waters, arches the bow of promise above the golden Western hills.

THE VAGABONDS.

J. T. Trowbridge.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog—Come here, you scamp !

Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye !

Over the table—look out for the lamp !—

The rogue is growing a little old ;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate, and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you :
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
The paw he holds up there has been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank you, Sir, I never drink.
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
Aren't we, Roger ? see him wink.
Weil, something hot then, we wont quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head ?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk ;
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin,
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, Sir ! see him wag his tail and grin—
By George ! it makes my old eyes water—
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, Sir !)

Shall march a little. Start, you villain !
 Paws up ! eyes front ! salute your officer !
 'Bout face ! attention ! take your rifle !
 (Some dogs have arms, you see). Now hold
 Your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the Rebel shakes
 When he stands up to hear his sentence :
 Now tell me how many drams it takes
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
 Five yelps,—that's five ; he's mighty knowing ;
 The night's before us, fill the glasses ;
 Quick, Sir ! I'm ill, my brain is going ?—
 Some brandy,—thank you ;—there,—it passes !

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform ;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
 At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features,—
 You needn't laugh, Sir ; I was not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures :
 I was one of your handsome men— ✓

If you had seen her, so fair, so young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast ;
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
 That ever I, Sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since,—a parson's wife,
 'Twas better for her that we should part ;
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her—once : I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road ; a carriage stopped,
 But little she dreamed as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, Sir ; I'm sorry ;
 It makes me wild to think of the change !
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
 I had a mother so proud of me !
 'Twas well she died before—Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart ?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming—
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think.
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither vituals or drink ;—
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me.

NO GOD.

N. K. Richardson.

Is there no God ? The white rose made reply,
 My ermine robe was woven in the sky.
 The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower,
 My plumage fell from hands that made the flower.

Is there no *God*? The silvery ocean spray
At the vile question startles in dismay;
And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,
Impatient thunders—yes, there is a God!

Is there *no* God? The greedy worm that raves
In sportive glee amid the gloom of graves,
Proves a Divinity supremely good,
For daily morsels sent of flesh and blood.

Is there no God? The dying Christian's hand,
Pale with disease, points to a better land;
And, ere his body mingles with the sod,
He, sweetly smiling, softly murmurs—God.

No God! Who broke the shackles from the slave?
Who gave this bleeding nation power to save
Its Flag and Union in the hour of gloom,
And lay rebellion's spirit in the tomb?

We publish God!—The towering mountains cry.
Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky,
The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,
The lightning gleam, the thunder, and the rain.

The dew-drop diamond on the lily's breast,
The tender leaf by every breeze caressed,
The shell, whose pearly bosom ocean laves,
And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves;

The glow of Venus and the glare of Mars,
The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars;
The eagle, soaring in majestic flight,
The morning bursting from the clouds of night,

The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,
Angelic voices floating on the air,
Mind, heart, and soul, the ever-restless breath,
And all the myriad-mysteries of death.

Beware ye doubting, disbelieving throng,
Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong;
There is a God; remember while ye can,
"His Spirit will not always strive with man."

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

Charles Dickens.

(Adapted.)

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment ;
"I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities ; arter all I've said to you upon this here very subject ; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own stepmother, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day ! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it."

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a very agonizing trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the very old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy ; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all very capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't goin' to get married ; don't you fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these things ; order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter,—there !"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely creetur !'"

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry, 'cept a beadle on

boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur' i feel myself shammed—'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No : it ain't shammed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there ; 'i feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely cir—.' I forgot wot this 'ere word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot : here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam : "'circumscribed,' that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it's a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you are a nice girl, and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothing' o' that kind ; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah ! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sam," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows :

his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency.

"'Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, emphatically.

"'But now,' " continued Sam, "'now i find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip i must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though i like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the priviledge of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time i see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (which p'rhaps you may have heerd on Mary, my dear), although it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that verges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your walentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickvick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse : what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry ; 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery, and *he* was only a Cambervell, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

ANNABEL LEE.

Edgar A. Poe.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee .
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me :
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of a cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we ;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my love for the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Robert Southey.

How does the water come down from Lodore ?
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling ;
 Here smoking and frothing,
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 It hastens along, conflicting and strong ;
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks among.
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking ;
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
 Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound.
 Smiting and fighting,
 In turmoil delighting,
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and spitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And running and stunning,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And hopping and dropping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering ;
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling ;
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 Clattering and battering and shattering ;
 And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling ;
 Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing.
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling ;
 And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,
 And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing ;

And so never ending,
 But always descending,
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er,
 With a mighty uproar ;
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

MARSHAL NEY'S LAST CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

J. T. Headley.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last great effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye.

At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of the column, the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle concealed it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out on every side, "La garde recule, La garde recule," make us, for the moment, forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of the grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe ; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of the gallant column seemed to sink down ; yet

they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing, one after another, in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another, before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn saber, at the head of his men.

In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass ; up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillery-men from their places, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley into their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

The fate of Napoleon was writ. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood ; and the Bravest of the Brave had fought his last battle.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Sir Walter Scott.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

William Cullen Bryant.

An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept ;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept ;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung :

I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That shining from the sweet southwest
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,

Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost ;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

'Twas I the broidered mocsin made,
That shod thee for that distant land ;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand ;
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best,
In plenty, by thy side ;
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave ;
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray,—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget,
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colored shade.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blessed,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.

THE ARCTIC LOVER.

William Cullen Bryant.

Gone is the long, long winter night,
Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun.
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun!

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day :
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountains rides,
While down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

With crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer o'er,
And the dead valleys wear a shroud
Of snow that melt no more,
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and glassy dome,
And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
And from the frozen skies
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Carl Schurz.

Let your imagination carry you back to the year 1776. You stand in the hall of the old Colonial Court House of Philadelphia. Through the open door you see the Continental Congress assembled; the moment for a great decision is drawing near.

The first little impulses to the general upheaval of the popular spirit, the Tea Tax, the Stamp Act, drop into insignificance; they are almost forgotten; the revolutionary spirit has risen far above them. It disdains to justify itself with petty pleadings; it spurns diplomatic equivocation; it puts the claim to independence upon the broad basis of eternal rights, as self-evident as the sun, as broad as the world, as common as the air of heaven.

The struggles of the colonies against the usurping government of Great Britain has risen to the proud dimensions of a struggle of man for liberty and equality. Not only the supremacy of Old England is to be shaken off, but a new organization of society is to be built up, on the basis of liberty and equality. That is the Declaration of Independence! That is the American Revolution!

It is a common thing that men of a coarse cast of mind so lose themselves in the mean pursuit of selfish ends as to become insensible to the grand and sublime. Measuring every character and every event in history by the low standard of their own individualities, incapable of grasping broad and generous ideas, they will belittle every great thing they cannot deny and drag down every struggle of principle to the sordid arena of aspiring selfishness.

Eighteen hundred years ago there were men who saw in incipient Christianity nothing but a mere wrangle between Jewish theologians, got up by a carpenter's boy, and carried

on by a few crazy fishermen. Three hundred years ago there were men who saw in the great reformatory movement of the sixteenth century, not the emancipation of the individual conscience, but a mere fuss kicked up by a German monk, who wanted to get married. Two hundred years ago there were men who saw in Hampden's refusal to pay the ship's money, not a bold vindication of constitutional liberty, but the crazy antics of a man who was mean enough to quarrel about a few shillings.

And *now*, there are men who see in the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolution, not the reorganization of human society upon the basis of liberty and equality, but a *dodge* of some English colonists who were unwilling to pay their taxes.

But the dignity of great characters and the glory of great events find their vindication in the consciences of the people. It is in vain for demagogism to raise its short arms against the Truth of History. The Declaration of Independence stands there. No candid man ever read it without seeing and feeling that every word of it was dictated by deep and earnest thought, and that every sentence of it bears the stamp of philosophic generality.

It is the summing up of the results of the philosophical development of the age; the practical embodiment of the progressive ideas, which, far from being confined to the narrow limits of the English colonies, pervaded the very atmosphere of all civilized countries.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. Patten.

Blaze, with your serried columns !
I will not bend the knee !
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low ;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow !

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain ;

Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain !
I scorn your proffered treaty !
The pale-face I defy !
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle-cry !

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream ;
And, struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam ;
But I stand as should a warrior,
With his rifle and his spear ;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye,—Come not here !

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with my eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die !
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave ;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath the wave !

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

J. G. Saxe.

An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest ;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse ;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus, as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself.

“ Unfortunate man that I am !
I’ve never a client but grief ;
The case is, I’ve no case at all,
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a brief !

“ I’ve waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an opening to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

“ ’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have causes to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

“ Oh, how can a modest young man
E’er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession ! ”

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, “ It is well ! ”

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute,
Then cried, “ Here’s an opening at last ! ”
And in less than a jiffy was in it !

Next morning twelve citizens came
(’Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end !

“ The man was a lawyer, I hear,”
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse ;
“ A lawyer ? Alas ! ” said another,
“ Undoubtedly died of remorse ! ”

A third said, “ He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
’Twas no doubt for the want of a cause.”

The jury decided, at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water !

THE COLISEUM.

Lord Byron.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the Night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt th' horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through leveled battlements.
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,

As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old,—
 The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

Lamartine.

Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterizing the age of Napoleon ; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV. There is no age ; there is only a name ; and this name signifies nothing to humanity, but himself. False in institutions, for he retrograded ; false in policy, for he debased ; false in morals, for he corrupted ; false in civilization, for he oppressed ; false in diplomacy, for he isolated,—he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood.

But what can we then allow him ? His individual genius was great, but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured ; but he felt not ; he loved not ; he sympathized with none ; he was a statue, rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar ; he resembled more the Hannibal of the aristocracy. Few men have thus been molded, and molded cold. All was solid, nothing gushed forth in that mind, nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style.

He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone ; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, or a color wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations

impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature ; it was the hand itself of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes ; and such were the pages of his campaign dictated by Napoleon,—the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory ; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crime, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it ; for it is equally intrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her ; but what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world.

This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him, therefore, enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through the distant ages ; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself, with greater power than any other man ever possessed, to accumulate therefrom on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier ; he is measured as a sovereign ; he is judged as a founder of nations ; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue ;—such is the man.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

William Cullen Bryant.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again :
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil.
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry song we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves.
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barb to guide
Across the moonlight plains ;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes
A moment in the British camp—
A moment, and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought !

FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

James Russell Lowell.

Our fathers fought for Liberty,
 They struggled long and well,
 History of their deeds can tell—
 But did they leave us free ?

Are we free from vanity,
 Free from pride, and free from self,
 Free from love of power and pelf,
 From everything that's beggarly ?

Are we free from stubborn will,
 From low hate and malice small,
 From opinion's tyrant thrall ?
 Are none of us our own slaves still ?

Are we free to speak our thought,
 To be happy, and be poor,
 Free to enter Heaven's door,
 To live and labor as we ought ?

Are we then made free at last
 From the fear of what men say,
 Free to reverence To-day,
 Free from the slavery of the Past ?

Our fathers fought for liberty,
 They struggled long and well,
 History of their deeds can tell—
 But *ourselves* must set us free !

SPHINX.

James Russell Lowell.

Why mourn we for the golden prime
 When our young souls *were* kingly, strong, and true ?
 The soul is greater than all time,
 It changes not, but yet is ever new.

But that the soul *is* noble, we
 Could never know what nobleness had been;
 Be what ye dream ! and earth shall see
 A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen.

The flower pines not to be fair,
 It never asketh to be sweet and dear,
 But gives itself to sun and air,
 And so is fresh and full from year to year.

Nothing in nature weeps its lot,
 Nothing, save man, abides in memory,
 Forgetful that the past is what
 Ourselves may choose the coming time to be.

All things are circular ; the Past
Was given us to make the Future great;
And the void Future shall at last
Be the strong rudder of an after fate.

We sit beside the Sphinx of Life,
We gaze into its void, unanswering eyes,
And spend ourselves in idle strife
To read the riddle of their mysteries.

Arise ! be earnest and be strong !
The Sphinx's eyes shall suddenly grow clear,
And speak as plain to thee ere long,
As the dear maiden's who holds thee most dear.

The meaning of all things in *us*—
Yea, in the lives we give our souls—doth lie ;
Make, then, their meaning glorious
By such a life as need not fear to die !

There is no heart-beat in the day,
Which bears a record of the smallest deed,
But holds within its faith alway
That which in doubt we vainly strive to read.

One seed contains another seed,
And that a third, and so for evermore ;
And promise of as great a deed
Lies folded in the deed that went before.

So ask not fitting space or time,
Yet could not dream of things which could not be ;
Each day shall make the next sublime,
And Time be swallowed in Eternity.

God bless the Present ! it is ALL;
It has been Future, and it shall be Past;
Awake and live ! thy strength recall,
And in one trinity unite them fast.

Action and Life—lo ! here the key
Of all on earth that seemeth dark and wrong ;
Win this—and, with it, freely ye
May enter that bright realm for which ye long.

Then all these bitter questionings
Shall with a full and blessed answer meet ;
Past worlds, whereof the Poet sings,
Shall be the earth beneath his snow-white feet.

OVER THE RIVER.

N. A. W. Priest.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet ;
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail ;
And lo ! they have past from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;

We only know that their barks no more
 Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the waters cold
 And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail ;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

Mrs. Norton.

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by,
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery
 eye !

Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
 I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy
 wind ;

The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind!
 The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold—
 Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell—thou'rt sold, my steed,
 thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must
 roam,

To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's
 home ;

Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed pre-
 pare ;

That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but nevermore with thee

Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to be ;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed with slower pace shall bear me home again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,

Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed !

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,

And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,

Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee ? if I thought—but no, it cannot be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed ; so gentle, yet so free :
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone this lonely heart should yearn,

Can the hand that casts thee from it now command thee to return ?

“Return!” alas, my Arab steed! what will thy master do,
When thou that wast his all of joy hast vanished from his view ?

When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gathering tears

Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage appears ?

Slow and unmounted will I roam with wearied foot alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on,

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,

“’Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.”

When last I saw thee drink ?—Away ! the fevered dream is
 o'er !
 I could not live a day and know that we should meet no
 more ;
 They tempted me, my beautiful—for hunger's power is
 strong—
 They tempted me, my beautiful—but I have loved too long.
 Who said that I had given thee up ? Who said that thou
 wert sold ?
 'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed ! I fling them back their
 gold !
 Thus—thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
 plains !
 Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

MAKING LOVE IN THE CHOIR.

From "Puck."

She sat on the steps of the organ loft
 Just after the second hymn ;
 And through nave and choir to the cool gray spire
 The sound rose faint and dim,
 As they settled themselves in the church below
 For the sermon that followed next,
 And I seated myself at the alto's side
 As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek,
 And the gleam of her golden hair,
 The snowy kerchief 'round her neck,
 And her throat all white and bare ;
 A throat so white that indeed it might
 An anchorite entice ;
 And I faintly heard the parson's word
 As he preached of Paradise.

My arm stole gently around her waist
 Until our fingers met ;
 And a flitting blush made the tender flush
 Of her cheek grow deeper yet.

Snowy and fair the hand beneath,
 And brown the palm above,
 And the brown closed softly over the white
 As the parson spoke of love.

Ah, who is wise, when deep blue eyes
 Meet his and look coyly down !
 Who would but drink, nor care to think
 Of envy's jealous frown ?
 'Twas but to bend till I felt her breath
 Grow warm on my cheek, and then
 My lips just softly touched her own
 As the parson said, Amen.

THE FIRST TE DEUM.

Margaret J. Preston.

'Twas Easter night in Milan, and before
 The altar in the great Basilica
 St. Ambrose stood. At the baptismal font
 Kneeled a young neophyte, his brow still wet
 With the symbolic water, and near by—
 The holy Monica—her raised eyes strained
 As with unearthly ecstasy she breathed
 Her *Nunc dimittis Domine* ! The words
 Of comfort spoken, " Be sure the child for whom
 Thy mother-heart hath poured so many prayers,
 Shall not be lost," had full accomplishment,
 And her tired heart found peace.

St. Ambrose raised
 His hands to heaven and on his face there shone
 Such light as glorified the prophet's when
 An angel from the altar bare a coal
 And touched his lips. With solemn step and slow
 He turned to meet Augustine as he rose
 Up from the pavement and thereon he brake
 Forth in ascriptive chant :

" We praise, Thee, God,
 And we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord !"
 Augustine on the instant caught the tone
 Of answering exultation ;

" All the earth
 Doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting !"

And from the altar rail came back again
The antiphony :

“ To thee all angels cry
Aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.”
And from the font

“ To Thee the cherubim
And seraphim continually do cry
‘ Oh, Holy, Holy, Holy, Thou Lord God
Of Sabaoth ! ’ Heaven and earth are full of all
The glory of Thy majesty ! ”

And then
With upward gaze, as if he looked upon
The infinite multitude about the throne,
St. Ambrose uttered with triumphant voice,

“ The glorious company of the Apostles ”—
“ Praise Thee ! ” burst reverent from Augustine’s lips.
“ The goodly fellowship of all the prophets ”—
“ Praise Thee ! ” “ The noble army of the martyrs ”—
“ Praise Thee ! ”

Thus back and forth responsive rolled
The grand antiphonal, until the crowd
That kneeled throughout the vast Basilica
Rose to their feet, and toward the altar pressed
With one strong impulse drawn. The breath of God
Had, to their thought, inspired these mortal tongues
To which they listened, as beneath a spell
Vatic and wonderful.

And when the last
Response was reached, and the rapt speakers stood
With eyelids closed,—as those who had seen God
And could not brook at once a mortal face,—
Awestruck the people bowed their heads and wept ;
Then uttered with acclaim one long Amen.

THE INDIAN'S CLAIM.

Edward Everett.

Think of the country for which the Indians fought !
Who can blame them ? As Philip looked down from his
seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

Throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold,

as he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath at a summer sunset,—the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming along the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest,—could he be blamed if his heart burned within him as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of the strangers? As the river chieftains—the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains—ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's ax—the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, would fold his arms and say, “White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer: over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food: on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few bawbles of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs: they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children: and now he is become strong and mighty and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, ‘It is mine.’ Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup: the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west,—the fierce Mohawk—the man-eater—is my foe. Shall I fly to the east,—the great water is before me. No, stranger: here I have lived and here will I die; and if here

thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction : for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps : the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee : when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood ; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes ; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife ; thou shalt build, and I will burn,—till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety ; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee !”

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

Frederick Whittaker.

“Dead ! Is it possible ? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light !
Dead ! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken !
No one to tell us the way of his fall !
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call !”

Comrades, he's gone ; but ye need not be grieving.
No, may my death be like his when I die !
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it :
Fame is eternal, and better than all.
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them !
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning the traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,
Lodges all loosened, and ready to fly.

Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them.
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet !
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey !
Numbers ! What recked he ? What recked those who
followed ?
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day ?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full ;
Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull !
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from their charge like a herd from a lion.
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right to their center he charged, and then facing—
Hark to those yells ! and around them, oh, see !
Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea !
Red was the circle of fire about them :
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

THEN DID HE BLENCH ? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life ?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife ?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing !
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers all bayed amid foes !

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing,
Down go the horses and riders and all ;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.

See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane ;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy ;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band.
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bow'd till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR !"

Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round ;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,
Custer's last charge on the old Sitting Bull ;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

DE SOTO.

Anon.

There, in that lonely hut, lay the proudest spirit, the bravest heart, the mightiest intellect, the favorite comrade of Pizarro, the joint conqueror of Peru ! There lay Hernan de Soto ; his fiery energies, even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame ; his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death ; his eye, that had flashed the more brilliantly the deadlier was the peril, dim and filmy ; his heart sick ; his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion, gone like the leaves of autumn ! There he lay, miserably perishing by inches, the discoverer of a world.

Beside his pallet-bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to do battle for a crown ; but their frames were gaunt and emaciated ; their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of the mind and body ; their eyes wet with the tears of bitterness. The dark-cowled priests had ministered

the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched in breathless silence the parting of his spirit; an Indian girl, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of Old Castile, leaned over his pillow, wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of insects that thronged the tainted air! There was not a sound in the crowded chamber, save the heavy, soblike breathings of the dying man, and the occasional whinings of a tall hound, which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the pallid features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible, the silken veil fluttered inward, and a heavy rustling sound was audible from without, as the huge folds of the banner swayed in the rising breeze. A sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the last half hour in seeming lethargy. Wearily, and with a painful expression, he raised himself upon his elbow.

"Moscoso," he said, "Moscoso, art thou near me? My eyes wax dim, and it will soon be over. Art thou there, for I would speak with thee?"

"Noble De Soto, I am beside thee," he replied. "Say on; I hear and mark thee!"

"Give me thy hand!" Then, as he received it, he raised it slowly on high, and continued in clear and unfaltering tones, though evidently with an effort, "True friend and follower, by this right hand, that has so often fought beside my own,—by this right hand, I do adjure thee to observe and to obey these my last mandates!"

"Shall I swear it?" cried the stern warrior whom he addressed, in a tone and voice rendered thick and husky by the violence of his excitement; "shall I swear it?"

"Swear not, Moscoso! leave oaths to paltry burghers and to cringing vassals, but pledge me the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble—so shall I die in peace!"

"By the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble, as I am a born hidalgo and a belted knight, I promise thee, in spirit and in truth, in deed and word and thought, to do thy bidding!"

"Then, by this token," and he drew a massive ring from his own wasted hand and placed it on the finger of Moscoso, "then, by this token, do I name thee my successor, thee,

the leader of the host, and captain-general of Spain ! Sound trumpets ; heralds make proclamation !” A moment or two elapsed, and the wild flourish of the trumpets was heard without, and the sonorous voice of the heralds making proclamation ; they ceased, but there was no shout of triumph or applause.

“Ha !” cried the dying chief, “this must not be ; ’tis ominous and evil ! Go forth, thou, Vasco, and bid them sound again, and let my people shout for this their loyal leader.”

It was done, and a gleam of triumphant satisfaction shot across his hollow features. He spoke again, but it was with a feebler voice :

“I am going,” he said ; “I am going whence there is no return ! Now, mark me, by your plighted word I do command you, battle no farther, strive with the fates no farther, for the *fates* are adverse ! Conquer not thou this region, for I have conquered it, and it is mine ! Mine, mine—though dying ! Mine it shall be, though dead ! March to the coast as best ye may ; build ye such vessels as may bear ye from the main, and save this remnant of my people ! Wilt thou do this, noble Moscoso ?”

“By all my hopes, I will !”

“*Me*, then, me shall ye bury thus ! Not with lamentations, not with womanish tears, not with vile sorrow, but with the rejoicing anthem, with the blare of the trumpet, and the stormy music of the drum ! Ye shall sheath me in my mail, with my helmet on my head and my spur on my heel ; with my sword in my hand shall ye bury me, and with a banner of Castile for my shroud ! In the depths of the river—of *my* river—shall ye bury me, with lighted torch and volleyed musketry at the mid-hour of night ! For am I not a conqueror, a conqueror of a world, a conqueror with none to brave my arm or to gainsay my bidding ? Where, where is the man, savage or civilized, Christian or heathen, Indian or Spaniard, who hath defied Hernan de Soto, and not perished from the earth ? Death is upon me—death from the Lord of earth and heaven ! To him I do submit me, but to mortal never !”

* * * * *

The sun had even now sunk below the horizon, and, ere the preparations for his funeral had been completed, it was already midnight. Five hundred torches of the resinous pine-tree flashed with their crimson reflections on the turbid

waters, as the barks glided over its surface, bearing the warrior to his last home.

A train of cowed priests, with pix and crucifix and steaming censer, floated in the van, making the vaulted woods to echo the high notes of the *Te Deum*, chanted in lieu of the mournful *Miserere* over the mortal part of that ill-fated warrior.

The canoe came onward in which the corpse was placed, seated erect, as he had ordered it, with the good sword in the dead hand, the polished helmet glancing above the sunken features, and the gay banner of Castile floating like a mantle from the shoulders, the pealing notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the battle-drum, and the Spanish war-cry, "St. Jago for De Soto and for Spain."

There was a pause, a deep, deep pause—a sullen splash, and every torch was instantly extinguished. "The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place."

PASSING AWAY.

John Pierpont.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,

That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,

That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,

She dispensing her silvery light,

And he his notes as silvery quite,

While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?

Hark ! the notes on my ear that play,

Are set to words : as they float, they say,

"Passing away ! passing away !"

But no ; it was not a fairy's shell,

Blown on the beach so mellow and clear ;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell

Striking the hour, that filled my ear

As I lay in my dream ; yet was it a chime

That told of the flow of the stream of time ;

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring,
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing) ;
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

Oh, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow !
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo ! she had changed ; in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung,
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride ;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

When I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud on a summer's day made,
Looking down a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed—as when Evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face,—yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

While yet I looked, what a change there came !
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan ;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on ;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;

The hands that over the dial swept
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept ;
 And still there came that silver tone
 From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone ;
 Let me never forget to my dying day,
 The tone or the burden of that lay—
 “ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Anon.

Not long ago I wandered near
 A playground in the wood,
 And there heard words from a youngster's lips,
 That I never quite understood.

“ Now let the old cat die,” he laughed ;
 I saw him give a push,
 Then gayly scamper away as he spied
 My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,
 I could not well make out,
 On account of the thicket of bending boughs
 That bordered the place about.

“ The little villain had stoned a cat,
 Or hung it upon a limb,
 And left it to die all alone,” I said,
 “ But I'll play the mischief with him.”

I forced my way between the boughs,
 The poor old cat to seek,
 And what did I find but a swinging child,
 With her bright hair brushing her cheek.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
 Her little red dress flashed by,
 But the loveliest thing of all, I thought,
 Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth,
 With the rose-light in her face,
 She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,
 And the forest her native place.

"Steady ! I'll send you up, my child,"
 But she stopped me with a cry :
 "Go 'way ! go 'way ! Don't touch me please—
 I'm letting the old cat die !"

"You letting him die ?" I cried aghast—
 "Why, where's the cat, my dear ?"
 And lo ! the laughter that filled the woods
 Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,
 The flitting, beautiful elf,
 "That we call it 'letting the old cat die.'
 When the swing stops all of itself ?"

Then swinging and swinging, and looking back,
 With the merriest look in her eye;
 She bade me "Good-day," and I left her alone,
 A-letting the old cat die.

GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY.

Aikin.

I congratulate you, my brave countrymen and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted ; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of

Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardor is dampened by our firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you will now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege, which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up to these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

THE MORAL WARFARE.

J. G. Whittier.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood,
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;
Their strife is past—their triumph won ;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honor'd place—
A MORAL WARFARE with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven !

ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVING VETERANS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Daniel Webster.

Venerable men !* you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with

* The survivors of Bunker Hill.

a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

Veterans!* you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. *Veterans of half a century!* when, in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen; you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them!

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

W. C. Bryant.

When spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

* The survivors of the Revolutionary army.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead ;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away ;
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset ;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

George D. Prentice.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
The bell's deepest tones are swelling, 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train

Is sweeping past ; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope and joy and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen and the flashing eye is dim,

It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time !

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe ! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity ? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain-crag. But Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness.
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche.
Startling the nations ; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void ; yet Time,

Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

THE GLADIATOR.

Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheater, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to the beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*! But know, ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very center. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den, with one mighty bound, to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lips paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched itself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and, bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheater, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary ; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knees. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot, fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration ; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound ; but it was too late ; the last blow had been driven home to the center of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

Wendell Phillips.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, Napoleon commenced his course, a stranger by birth and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest. He acknowledged no criterion but success. He worshiped no god but ambition; and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

His person partook the character of his mind. If the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people, nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipzig, he was still the same military despot!

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and

the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor, a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue, a subaltern and a sovereign, a traitor and a tyrant, a Christian and an infidel, he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model and without a shadow.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

J. T. Trowbridge.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
“Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies,—

“Hark, O! hark, O!”
“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
’Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck,—though still he cries,—
“Charco’! charco’!”

And many a roguish lad replies,—

“Ark, ho! ark, ho!”
“Charco’!”—“Ark, ho!”—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness,
Than many a richer man, I guess,

When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 And Martha from the door replies,—
 “Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”
 “Charco’!”—“Mark, ho!”—Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,
 Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o’er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 And baby with a laugh replies,—
 “Ah, go! ah, go!”
 “Charco’!”—“Ah, go!”—while at the sounds
 The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
 Though dusky as an African,
 ’Tis not for you, that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,
 His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 While mocking echo still replies,—
 “Hark, O! hark, O!”
 “Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds!

AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

William Cullen Bryant.

It is the spot I came to seek,—
 My father’s ancient burial-place,
 Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
 Withdrew our wasted race.
 It is a spot—I know it well—
 Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
 A ridge toward the river-side ;
 I know the shaggy hills about,
 The meadows smooth and wide,
 The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
 Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
 Would say a lovely spot was here,
 And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
 Between the hills so sheer.
 I like it not—I would the plain
 Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
 The cattle in the meadows feed,
 And laborers turn the crumbling ground,
 Or drop the yellow seed,
 And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
 Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
 To see these vales in woods arrayed,
 Their summits in the golden light,
 Their trunks in grateful shade,
 And herds of deer, that bounding go
 O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
 The forest hero, trained to wars,
 Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
 And seamed with glorious scars,
 Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
 The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
 Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
 Hither the artless Indian maid
 Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
 And the gray chief and gifted seer
 Worshiped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
 On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
 And scattered in the furrows lie
 The weapons of his rest,
 And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
 Of his large arm the moldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
 Who bore the lifeless chieftain forth;
 Or the young wife, that weeping gave
 Her first-born to the earth,
 That the pale race, who wastes us now,
 Among their bones should guide the plow.

They waste us—ay—like April snow
 In the warm noon, we shrink away;
 And fast they follow, as we go
 Toward the setting day,—
 Till they shall fill the land, and we
 Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
 To which the white men's eyes are blind;
 Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
 And leave no trace behind,
 Save ruins o'er the region spread,
 And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
 Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
 The melody of waters filled
 The fresh and boundless wood;
 And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
 And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
 The springs are silent in the sun,
 The rivers, by the blackened shore,
 With lessening current run;
 The realm our tribes are crushed to get
 May be a barren desert yet.

GREEN RIVER.

William Cullen Bryant.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green ;
As if the bright fringe of herds on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink ;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill,
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art, thou shunn'st to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river and cherry and seedy reed,

And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveler singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

REPLY TO HAYNE.

Daniel Webster:

Matches and over-matches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. The gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate: a senate of equals: of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself as a match for no man, I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, since the honorable mem-

ber has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the senate. When uttered as a matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could positively say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But if it be imagined that, by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or, if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all of these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find that, in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own, and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

THE POWER OF SHRINES.

Anon.

During the battle of Balaklava, a Russian peasant and his little son were seen upon a neighboring hill watching the progress of the fight. It was just after Nolan and his "six

hundred " had made their immortal charge, and the little boy, as if horrified at the sight, suddenly exclaimed: "Father, what are they fighting for?" Child's question though it was, its answer was full of meaning to that father, and pointing reverently toward the South, he exclaimed: "The shrine! the shrine!" and fell fainting upon the ground.

This incident, which the muse of history has rarely chronicled, illustrates a power in human nature as strange as it is inherent and universal. Nations, states, individuals are worshipers at shrines—shrines which claim the homage of pride and piety, ambition, superstition, and the thousand sentiments which move the heart to deeds of glory or of shame.

Eight centuries ago the hosts of Europe were marshaling for a conflict in the Holy Land. The hardy sons of Scotland, the sturdy yeomanry of England, the blue-eyed dwellers by the Rhine and Danube, the dark-haired peasants of the Arno, gathered under a common banner, moved by a common impulse. What meant this great uprising that had enlisted the enthusiasm and zeal alike of kings and subjects? No essential right of man had been invaded; no nation had been oppressed; but there was a city, sacred to the heart of the Christian world, a shrine before which Mary and Martha had watched and wept; a shrine which the valor of nations must wrest from the grasp of infidel might. We wonder to-day at the fanaticism which preached and fought the Crusades; but it sprang from a sentiment which, in some form, ever lives. With how much of tragic grandeur it appeared in the war of the Crimea! That unlettered peasant, upon the heights of Balaklava, solved a problem which had puzzled many a scholar. He saw beyond the craft of statesmanship the wiles and intrigues of diplomacy. He saw the shrine of his nation endangered when haughty France sought to crown, with her eagles and lilies, the spot where the "Man of Nazareth" was born.

When the night was dark off Dungeness, when the Northfleet was reeling and groaning amid the angry billows, when affrighted passengers were crowding to the decks, when distracted fathers were seeking to rescue their loved ones, what supernal power held that brave captain to his post, while he kept back the crowd of rough men until the helpless and innocent were safe within the life-boats? "Good-by, Annie," his clear voice rang out to his young bride as the

boats put off for the shore ; "I shall never see you again"; and the Northfleet went down amid the waters, and the captain was with the dead. Such actions men call heroism, bravery, love. What are these but passions and motives idealized, enshrined ?

Every man has a shrine, some Mecca to whose divinity he yields a willing obedience. To it he brings his choicest gifts. Its power claims his evening orisons, his morning adorations. Is that shrine the home of appetite and sensuality ? the man is base. But if it be the dwelling-place of virtue, nobility, and love, it lifts him into the likeness of Him over whose shrine the angels sang carols eighteen hundred years ago.

NEW ENGLAND.

Percival.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast ;
 The sepulcher of mighty dead,
 The truest hearts that ever bled,
 Who sleep in glory's brightest bed,
 A fearless host :
 No slave is here,—our unchained feet
 Walk freely, as the waves that beat
 Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
 To seek this shore ;
 They left behind the coward slave,
 To welter in his living grave ;
 With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
 They sternly bore
 Such toils, as meaner souls had quelled ;
 But souls like these such toils impelled
 To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
 On Bunker's height,
 And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
 And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
 And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,

In desperate fight !
O ! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For e'en our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest ;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed :
All, who the wreath of freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand,—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land,—
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home ; and leaned on Heaven,
Our hand.

ISABEL.

James Russell Lowell.

As the leaf upon the tree,
Fluttering, gleaming constantly,
Such a lightsome thing was she,
My gay and gentle Isabel !

Her heart was fed with love-springs sweet,
And in her face you'd see it beat
To hear the sound of welcome feet—
And were not mine so, Isabel?

She knew it not, but she was fair,
And like a moonbeam was her hair,
That falls where flowing ripples are
In summer evenings, Isabel!
Her heart and tongue were scarce apart,
Unwittingly her lips would part,
And love come gushing from her heart,
The woman's heart of Isabel.

So pure her flesh-garb, and like dew,
That in her features glimmered through
Each working of her spirit true,
In wondrous beauty, Isabel!
A sunbeam struggling through thick leaves,
A reaper's song 'mid yellow sheaves,
Less gladsome were; my spirit grieves
To think of thee, mild Isabel!

I know not when I loved thee first;
Not loving, I had been accurst,
Yet, having loved, my heart will burst,
Longing for thee, dear Isabel!
With silent tears my cheeks are wet,
I would be calm, I would forget,
But thy blue eyes gaze on me yet,
When stars have risen, Isabel.

The winds mourn for thee, Isabel,
The flowers expect thee in the dell,
Thy gentle spirit loved them well,
And I for thy sake, Isabel!
The sunsets seem less lovely now
Than when, leaf checkered, on thy brow
They fell as lovingly as thou
Lingered'st till moonrise, Isabel!

At dead of night I seem to see
Thy fair, pale features constantly
Upturned in silent prayer for me,
O'er moveless clasped hands, Isabel!

I call thee, thou dost not reply ;
 The stars gleam coldly on thine eye,
 As like a dream thou flittest by,
 And leav'st me weeping, Isabel !

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

George W. Bungay.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells !
 Each one its creed in music tells,
 In tones that float upon the air,
 As soft as song, as pure as prayer ;
 And I will put in simple rhyme
 The language of the golden chime ;
 My happy heart with rapture swells
 Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel ! excel !"
 Chimed out from ivied towers a bell ;
 "This is the church not built on sands,
 Emblem of one not built with hands ;
 Its forms and sacred rights revere,
 Come worship here ! come worship here !
 In rituals and faith excel !"
 Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well !"
 In solemn tones exclaimed a bell ;
 "No progress made by mortal man
 Can change the just, eternal plan :
 With God there can be nothing new ;
 Ignore the false, embrace the true,
 While all is well ! is well ! is well !"
 Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell !"
 In mellow tones rang out a bell ;
 "Though faith alone in Christ can save,
 Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
 To show the world unfaltering faith
 In what the Sacred Scriptures saith :
 Oh, swell ! ye rising waters, swell !"
 Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

“Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!” said a soft bell;
“Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!”
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

“Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!”
In touching tones exclaims a bell;
“Life is a boon, to mortals given
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!”
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

“To all, the truth we tell! we tell!”
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
“Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!”
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation’s free, we tell! we tell!”
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

“In after life there is no hell!”
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
“Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!”
Rang out the Universalist bell.

“The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice,” pealed forth a bell;
“No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!”
Pealed out the Independent bell.

“No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!”
 The Protestant rang out a bell;
 Great Luther left his fiery zeal
 Within the hearts that truly feel
 That loyalty to God will be
 The fealty that makes men free.
 “No images where incense fell!”
 Rang out old Martin Luther’s bell.

“All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
 Close by the cross!” exclaimed a bell;
 “Lean o’er the battlements of bliss,
 And deign to bless a world like this;
 Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
 Adore the water and the wine!
 All hail, ye saints, the chorus swell!”
 Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

“Ye workers who have toiled so well,
 To save the race!” said a sweet bell,
 “With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
 Each brave heart beating like a drum;
 Be royal men of noble deeds,
 For *love* is holier than creeds;
 Drink from the well, the well, the well!”
 In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o’er me from above;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
 The manifold, soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
 Like some old poet’s Rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose ;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before !
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
 The best-beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Tell us not, in mournful numbers,
 " Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 " Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

Anon.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day :

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down on the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group ;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy !"

THE THREE WORDS—ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

George Lippard.

Benedict Arnold sailed from our shores and came back no more. From that time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, singing through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

When he stood beside his king in the House of Lords—the weak old man whispered in familiar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and, as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable lord arose and stated that he loved his sovereign, but could not speak to him while by his side there stood—ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theater, parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen than the whole audience rose—the lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery—they rose together, while from the pit to the dome echoed the cry—“ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR !”

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant that ate his bread, and earned it, too, by menial offices, whispered in contempt to his fellow lackey, as he took his position behind his master’s carriage,—BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

One day, in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in crape. A visitor now advanced ; the mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and the daughters heard his name. “Go !” said that mother, rising with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand—“Go ! and tell the man that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son—by ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble lords and reverend men were there—and breasting his antagonist with his fierce brow he spat full in his face. His antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. “Time may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my sword by killing—ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR !”

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean, his warehouses in Nova Scotia, his plantations in the West Indies. One night his warehouse was burned to ashes. The entire population of St. Johns, accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary to his own property, in order to defraud the insurance companies—assembled in that British town, in sight of his very window they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—“ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.”

When the Island of Guadaloupe was retaken by the French, he was among the prisoners. He was put aboard a French prison-ship in the harbor. His money—thousands of yellow guineas, accumulated through the course of years—was about his person. Afraid of his own name, he called himself John Anderson, the name once assumed by John André. He deemed himself unknown, but the sentinel, approaching him, whispered that he was known and in great danger. He assisted him to escape, even aided him to secure his treasure in an empty cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the side of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore, that sentinel looked after him, and in broken English sneered—“ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR !”

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land to earn his bread by daily labor.

“Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?” he asked the landlord of his hotel. “I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World.”

The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then replied :

“There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman I cannot tell.”

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—ascended the stairs ; a venerable suppliant, he stood before the stranger’s door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand’s face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline ; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.

He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror that a life of labor would be Paradise to a career of luxury in France—you will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman, like you, has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkened brows.

He spoke as he retreated backward: his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand to God, and say—I HAVE NOT ONE FRIEND—NOT ONE—IN ALL AMERICA."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated toward the next room—"Your name?"

"My name—" with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is *Benedict Arnold*."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—"ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR."

Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. Even in the secluded room of that inn at Havre his crime found him out and forced him to tell his name, that name the synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless, that his cold brow was unmoistened by one farewell tear, that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John André! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your

country, what might you have been, oh, ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR!"

In the closing scene of this wild drama I have dared to paint the agony of his death-hour, with a trembling hand and hushed breath I have lifted the curtain from the death-bed of Benedict Arnold.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

James G. Percival.

Here rest the great and good. Here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as Winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulcher—green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids.

They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued—these, though mute
As feeling ever is when deepest—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,

At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
 Where first our patriots sent the invader back
 Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
 To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.

Their feelings were all nature, and they need
 No art to make them known. They live in us,
 While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
 Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
 And the one universal Lord. They need
 No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
 To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
 Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
 And there alone reposes.

Let these elms
 Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
 And build with their green roof the only fane,
 Where we may gather on the hallowed day
 That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
 Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
 Give not a sound, and all around is mute
 In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
 For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
 With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
 An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
 And they have rendered ours—perpetually.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Thomas Gray.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness hold,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
 Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon agéd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery—all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

SPEECH OF THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Aikin.

If your person were as vast as your desires, the whole world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia ; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to subdue nature.

But, have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected that great trees are many years in growing to their height, but are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground, with the branches you have already laid hold on.

The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens ; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians ; or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedonia ; why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery ; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation.

That you may understand the genius of the Scythians,

we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these, respectively, in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labor of our oxen. With the goblet we join in pouring out drink-offerings to the gods; and with the arrows we attack our enemies.

You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and are yourself the greatest robber the world ever saw. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and herds.

How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by that which should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire.

BOMBASTIC DESCRIPTION OF A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

'Twas night. The stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world. The vivid lightnings flashed, and shook their fiery darts upon the earth. The deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore, and torrents leaped from mountain tops, when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow, murder in his heart, and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand.

The storm increased. The lightning flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the wind whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clinched his weapon with a sterner grasp, a demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth, raised his arm, sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim, and relentlessly killed—a mosquito.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

Victor Hugo.

It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch ; his soles stick in it ; it is sand no longer ; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which he leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change ; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil ; all the sand has the same appearance ; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so ; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what ? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road ; he stops to take his bearings ; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand ; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles ; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right ; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress ; it is already too late ; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief ; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten ; which endures for hours ; which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet ; which, at every

effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain and opens like a wave.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

Lord Byron.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broken in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

Albert G. Greene.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been
bent

By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.
"They come around me here, and say my days of life are
o'er—

That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no
more;

They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—must
die.

And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim
spear;

Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot;

I'll try his might—I'll brave his power—defy, and fear him
not!

Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in:

Up with my banner on the wall—the banquet-board pre-
pare—

Throw wide the portals of my hall, and bring my armor
there!"

An hundred hands were busy then : the banquet forth was
spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread ;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume and spear, o'er the proud
old Gothic hall.
Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers
poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around
the board ;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of
state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion sate.
" Fill every beaker up, my men !—pour forth the cheering
wine !
There's life and strength in every drop—thanksgiving to the
vine !
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—my eyes are waxing dim.
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the
brim !
Ye're there, but yet I see you not !—Draw forth each trusty
sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
board !
I hear it faintly ; louder yet ! What clogs my heavy breath ?
Up, all !—and shout for Rudiger, ' Defiance unto Death ! ' "
Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafen-
ing cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on
high :
" Ho ! cravens ! do ye fear him ? Slaves ! traitors ! have
ye flown ?
Ho ! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone ?
But I defy him !—let him come ! " Down rang the massy
cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-
way up ;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on
his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—
dead !

HEROISM.

Hale.

The heroic element enters largely into the world's experience, and assumes phases as various as the stages of its history. Very different is the unflinching heroism of John Maynard, standing, with scathed eyes and crisped hands, on the deck of a burning steamer, and guiding her in safety amid an agony of fire, and that of John Huss, perishing so calmly on the funeral pyre of Constance. One was inspired duty, the other the divinity of faith. One was the highest type of human courage, the other the grandest form of Christian sacrifice. One was the Mecca of earthly immortality, the other the portal of the heavenly life.

There is a heroism of patriotism. It is seen in the bravery of a Leonidas ; in the "Don't give up the ship" of a Lawrence ; in the dying words of a Warren ; in the sacrifice of the "Little Regiment" ; in a Farragut lashed to the maintop of the Hartford.

The grandest heroism, however, and that which embodies all others, is the heroism of the Cross. Its achievements are seldom noted ; its deeds and its devotion rarely told.

The last beams of the setting sun fall on the gray walls and ivy-crowned turrets of a convent, and, flashing through an open casement, light up with a tremulous glory the face of a dying nun. Her life of love, of devotion, of perfect purity, is nearly ended. No thoughts of time misspent or opportunities neglected, no recollection of cold charity, no shadow of crime, no echo of wrong, harass her last moments. Her life ebbs so peacefully, that the balmy air of evening, redolent with the perfume of flowers, and thrilling with Nature's vesper hymn, lullabies her dreamless sleep long after her ears are deaf to its melody. No minute guns, no flags at half mast, no nation in tears because her spirit has departed. Only the low sob of the organ, the solemn chant of sorrowing sisters, or, perchance, the tearful prayer of some whose pain she has soothed, whose sorrow she has cheered. Hers was an earthly mission and a heavenly reward ; and the true heroism of her life realizes its perfection when her enraptured soul thrills with the praise of the angels and the "Well done" of the Infinite.

There is also a heroism of self-sacrifice. When the life-

boats were crowded so they could not hold another, the old captain stood proudly on the deck of his sinking vessel; refused to go on board; refused to risk the lives of a score that he might save his own. "The old ship and I have weathered many a gale together, and I'll not desert her now, when she's almost slipped her cable. So shove off, my hearties! shove off! and if the admiral asks for me, tell him that I and the 'Witch of the Wave' sleep breast to breast at the bottom of Davy Jones's locker."

There is, too, a heroism of genuine devotion to principle, sometimes akin to patriotism. Such was the heroism of Alexander H. Stephens in his blind adherence to an erring State, of Stonewall Jackson in his idolatry of Southern rights, and of Lord Byron in his death for struggling Greece and a lost cause.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

Lord Macaulay.

To Rome a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear :
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul; Lars Porsena is here."
 On the low hills to westward the Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust ride fast along the sky.

The Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the gate :
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.

“In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?”
Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Like a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
Opposed the dauntless Three.

* * * * *

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!”

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face,
“ Now yield thee ! ” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he :
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“ Oh, Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;

But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus,
 “Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town !”
“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

William Wirt.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man, may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity with him

who feels, at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit; one that will dispose you to consider yourself as born, not so much for yourself as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect; a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you resemble those weak and meager streamlets which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its

mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

THE RAVEN.

Edgar A. Poe.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I mutter’d, “tapping at my chamber door.

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
row

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named
Lenore—

Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrill’d me—fill’d me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
ing,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,
ing, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word
"Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word
"Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
ing,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what there at is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorne and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven ;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the
nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
shore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber
door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as "Nevermore !"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour.

Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he
flutter'd—

Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore !"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and followed faster, till his song one burden
bore,—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,

Of "Nevermore—nevermore !"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust,
and door,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking “Nevermore !”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core ;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating
o'er,

She shall press—ah ! nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an un-
seen censer,

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Le-
nore !”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird
or devil !

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here
ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I im-
plore !”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore !”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or
devil !

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore ;

Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore ! ”

Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore ! ”

“ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend ! ” I shrieked,
upstarting—

“ Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian
shore ! ”

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door ! ”

Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore ! ”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dream-
ing,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on
the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor,

Shall be lifted—*nevermore !*

AMBITION.

Henry Clay.

I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure,—inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself,—the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception, both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still. I might have

silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even for the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated. I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land,—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

William Cullen Bryant.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchid died amid the summer
glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

As now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE VENOMOUS BOWL.

N. J. Clodfetter.

Published by permission of the author.

Ask not of the man that is seeking to tell,
Of the woe of the cup, and the potion of hell,
But go to the den where all of its stains,
Are sought by the bibber to poison his brains.

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
When all of this curse shall be banished away.

There, see the worn tippler throw down his last cent,
And sigh as he quaffs for the pennies he's spent;
Then think of his family all tattered in rags,
And wife broken-hearted so famished she begs.

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
When all of this curse shall be banished away.

Behold in your gaze 'round the silvery lamps,
Sages, coxcombs, commingling with ragged old tramps,
And every shrill echo that falls on the walls,
Comes from lips steeped in "hell" and imbued with its gall

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
When all of this curse shall be banished away.

A son may be called to this damnable place,
With innocence glowing all over his face,
There a generous friend perchance he may meet,
To a bumper or two his friendship will greet;

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
When all of this curse shall be banished away.

Just the first step of vice he has then taken up,
 And he yields to the glow of the treacherous cup,
 As he lingers around for the venomous draught,
 Till a dozen or more he has lavishly quaffed.

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
 When all of this curse shall be banished away.

He is now o'er the gulf where inebriates fell,
 And ready to plunge in the fathomless hell,
 Where morals, and character, all noble fame,
 Precipitate down into billows of shame.

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
 When all of this curse shall be banished away.

Next, visit the inebriate's home that's so dim,
 And trace all its darkness and gloom back to him
 Whose blighted avowals, in earlier youth,
 Were lit up with joy, and blended with truth.

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul,

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
 When all of this curse shall be banished away.

But alas! all his vows he has since yielded up,
 For the wantonous wretch, and the cursed wine cup,
 And led his fair wife from expected delight,
 To forsake all that once lit her future so bright.

Oh! the venomous bowl,

That destroys the soul.

May we hasten the day, may we hasten the day,
 When all of this curse shall be banished away.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO A SON GOING TO TRAVEL.

Give thy thoughts no tongue
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—to thine own self be true:
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THE SENATOR'S PLEDGE.

Charles Sumner.

The trust conferred on me is one of the most weighty which a citizen can receive. It concerns the grandest interests of our own Commonwealth, and also of the Union in which we are an indissoluble link. Like every post of eminent duty, it is a post of eminent honor. A personal ambition, such as I cannot confess, might be satisfied to possess it; but, when I think what it requires, I am obliged to say that its honors are all eclipsed by its duties.

Your appointment finds me in a private station, with which I am entirely content. For the first time in my life I am called to political office. With none of the experience possessed by others, to smooth the way of labor, I might well hesitate. But I am cheered by the generous confidence which throughout a lengthened contest persevered in sustaining me, and by the conviction, that, amid all seeming differences of party, the sentiments of which I am the known advocate, and which led to my original selection as candidate, are dear to the hearts of the people throughout this Commonwealth. I derive also a most grateful consciousness of personal independence from the circumstance,

which I deem it frank and proper thus publicly to declare and place on record, that this office comes to me unsought and undesired.

Acknowledging the right of my country to the service of her sons wherever she chooses to place them, and with a heart full of gratitude that a sacred cause is permitted to triumph through me, I now accept the post of senator.

I accept it as the servant of Massachusetts, mindful of the sentiments solemnly uttered by her successive legislatures, of the genius which inspires her history, and of the men, her perpetual pride and ornament, who breathed into her that breath of liberty which early made her an example to her sister States. In such a service, the way, though new to my footsteps, is illumined by lights which cannot be missed.

I accept it as the servant of the Union, bound to study and maintain the interests of all parts of our country with equal patriotic care, to discountenance every effort to loosen any of those ties by which our fellowship of States is held in fraternal company, and to oppose all *sectionalism*, in whatsoever form,—whether in unconstitutional efforts by the North to carry so great a boon as freedom into the slave States; in unconstitutional efforts by the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the *sectional* evil of slavery into the free States; or in any efforts whatsoever to extend the *sectional* domination of slavery over the national government. With me the Union is twice blessed,—first, as powerful guardian of the repose and happiness of thirty-one States clasped by the endearing name of country; and next, as model and beginning of that all-embracing federation of States, by which unity, peace, and concord will finally be organized among the nations. Nor do I believe it possible, whatever the delusion of the hour, that any part can be permanently lost from its well-compacted bulk. *E Pluribus Unum* is stamped upon the national coin, the national territory, and the national heart. Though composed of many parts united into one, the Union is separable only by a crash which shall destroy the whole.

Entering now upon the public service, I venture to bespeak, for what I do or say, that candid judgment which I trust always to have for others, but which I am well aware the prejudices of party too rarely concede. I may fail in ability, but not in sincere effort to promote the general weal. In the conflict of opinion natural to the atmosphere

of liberal institutions, I may err ; but I trust never to forget the prudence which should temper firmness, or the modesty which becomes the consciousness of right. If I decline to recognize as my guides the leading men of to-day, I shall feel safe while I follow the master principles which the Union was established to secure, leaning for support on the great triumvirate of American freedom,—Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson. And, since true politics are simply morals applied to public affairs, I shall find constant assistance from those everlasting rules of right and wrong, which are a law alike to individuals and communities.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

“ Speak ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me ? ”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“ I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse !
For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon :
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark,
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o’erflowing.

“ Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman’s hail
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water !

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leaward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen !
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 Oh, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! *skoal !* "*
 —Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 With his pipe in his mouth,
 And watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sailed the Spanish main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

“O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?”
“'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !”
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?”
“Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

“O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
In his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank.
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Lord Macaulay.

Now began that strange period known by the name of the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins had prevailed. This was their hour and the power of darkness. The convention was subjugated and reduced to profound silence on the highest questions of state. The sovereignty passed to the Committee of Public Safety. To the edicts framed by that committee, the representative assembly did not venture to offer even the species of opposition which the ancient Parliament had frequently offered to the mandates of the ancient kings.

Then came those days, when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave ship; and the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine.

No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies, torn from the breast, were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offenses, than the cholera, or an earthquake, like that of Lisbon, would have.

The great queen who so long held her own against foreign

and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms ; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans ; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France ; with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected, without sending school-boys and school-girls to death by cart loads and boat loads !

To behead people by scores, without caring whether they are guilty or innocent ; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners ; to rob the public creditor, and put him to death if he remonstrates ; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops ; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation, is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we, at present, say nothing. But, surely, it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child.

By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected ; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property and drying up the sources of future prosperity.

A RILEY ECHO.

When the crop is on the market and the cash is in your
sock,
And you hear the clink and jingle of the key turned in the
lock,
And the clinking of the " pennies " and the clanking of the
" tens,"
And the groceryman is paid up and no more his bill he
sen's;

O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
When he rises from his supper, then downward pulls his
vest;

As he smokes his pipe in comfort and then goes and winds
the clock,

When the crop is on the market and the cash is in his sock.

There's something kind o' cheerful-like about the farmer's
eyes

When he knows the summer's over and he doesn't have to
rise

About the time the daylight's a-peepin' thro' the gloom,
And work until the moon's up 'mid the grain that's all in
bloom;

But instead he sorter calcalates he'll hook old "Buck" and
"Jess"

To his cutter in the evenin', and put on his Sunday dress;
Then go a courtin' Lizer, with her apron and new frock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in his sock.

O, the huskin' and the spellin' bees—the winter's harmless
fun;

The raspin' of the fiddle when the dancin' is begun;
The jingle of the sleigh bells, your best gal in the sled;
The kissin' and the huggin' when the ole folks are in bed;
The roastin' of the chestnuts, the neighbors droppin' in;
The eatin' of the apples, drinkin' cider from a tin;

O, it sets my heart a-prancin', like a struttin' turkey cock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock.

ARCHIE DEAN.

Gail Hamilton.

Would you laugh, or would you cry?
Would you break your heart and die,
If you had a dashing lover
Like my handsome Archie Dean,
And he should forget his wooing
By the moon, the stars, the sun,
To love me evermore,
And should go to Kittie Carrol,
Who has money, so they say—

And with eyes love-filled as ever
Win her heart, that's like a feather,
Vowing all he had before?
Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad and die?

Always, in the old romances
That dear Archie read to me,
Those that pleased my girlish fancy,
There was always sure to be
One sweet maiden with a lover
Who was never, never true;
And when they were widely parted,
Then she died, poor, broken-hearted,
And did break with grief at last,
Like a lily in the blast—
Say, would you, if you were me?

True, I do love Archie Dean,
Love him, love him, oh! how true;
But see, my eyes are bright,
And my lips and cheeks are red
(Archie Dean put that in my head!)
And I don't know what to do,
Whether to lie down and weep
Till the red is faded out,
And my eyes are dull and dim,
Maybe blind, and all for him
(I could do it, I've no doubt).
Or loop up my pretty hair
With the brightest knots of ribbon,
And the very sweetest roses,
And go to the village fair,
Where he'll be with Kittie Carrol,
And will see me dance the wildest
With some bonny lad that's there,
Just to show how much I care.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
'Tis the sweetest name I know;
It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
Is drifting the cold snow.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!

There's a pain in my heart while I speak;
I wonder if always the thought of your name
Will make me so saddened and weak!
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
I remember that you said
Your name should be mine and I should be
The happiest bride e'er wed.
I little thought of a day like this,
When I could wish I were dead.
But there goes the clock, the hour is near
When I must be off to the fair;
I'll go and dance, and dance, and dance,
With the bonny lads who are there,
In my dress of blue, with crimson sash,
Which *he* always liked to see.
I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
I'll laugh and chatter—yes, that is my plan—
And I know that before the morn
He'll wish that Kittie Carrol had never been born,
And that he could be sitting again
Close by my side in the green meadow lane,
Vowing his love in a tender strain.
But when I see him coming,
I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
On somebody else—then off in the dance—
And if he should happen to get the chance
For saying how heartily sorry he is
For having been false to me he loves true,
I won't hear a word that he says, would you?

What you'd better do, Jenny Marsh,
Break your heart for Archie Dean?
Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!

Not a bit.

'Tis the very thing he's after.
He would say to Kittie Carrol,
With careless, mocking laughter,
Here's a pretty little chick,
Who has died for love of me,

'Tis a pity.

But what is a man to do
When the girls beset him so?
If he gives a nosegay here,

If he calls another dear,
If he warbles to a third
 A love ditty,
Why, the darling little innocents
Take it all to heart.

 Alack-a-day!

Ah! she was a pretty maiden,
A little too fond-hearted,
Eyes a little too love-laden,
But, really, when we parted—
Well, she died for love of me,
Kittie Carrol. Don't you see
You are giving him to Kittie
Just as sure as sure can be.
'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
By slyly showing to her
What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.
And of all the pretty pratings
About a woman's deathless loving,
And her ever-faithful proving,
And her womanly devotion,
I've a very wicked notion
That to carry off the one
That Mary here is sighing for,
And Fanny there is dying for,
Is more than half the happiness,
And nearly all the fun.

 Now if I were a man,
Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
If I only were a man

 For a day—

I'm a maiden, so I can't
Always do just what I want,
But if I *were* a man, I'd say,
Archie Dean, *go to thunder!*
What's the use of sighs, I wonder,
Your oaths and vows and mutterings
Are awfully profane.
Hie away to Kittie Carrol,
Your loss is but a gain.
Aren't there fishes still a-swimming
 Just as luscious every way
As those that hissed and sputtered

In the saucepan yesterday?
But, Jennie, charming Jennie,
You're a tender little woman,
And I expect you'll say that is
So shockingly inhuman;
And, besides, you'll never dare,
You little witch, to swear!
But, when you're at the fair,
Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
Because, perhaps, you'll rue it;
And do not dance too merrily,
Because he may see through it;
And don't put on an air as if
You're mortally offended;
You'll be a feather in his cap,
And then your game is ended.
And if, with Kittie on his arm,
You meet him on the green,
Don't agonize your pretty mouth
With *Mr. Arthur Dean*;
But every throb of pride or love
Be sure to stifle,
As if your intercourse with him
Were but the merest trifle;
And make believe with all your might
You'd not care a feather
For all the Carrols in the world,
And Archie Dean together.
Take this advice, and get him back,
My darling, if you can;
But if you can't, why, right-about,
And take another man.

What I did.

I went to the fair with Charlie—
With handsome Charlie Green,
Who has loved me many a year,
And vowed his loving with a tear—
A tear of the heart, I mean.
But I never gave a smile to him
Until to-night,
When full in sight
Of Kittie Carrol and Archie Dean.

Now Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.

So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
I once caught them in the dance,
And I could have fallen at his feet,

Dear Archie Dean!

But there were Kittie Carrol and Charlie Green,
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would—
And with softest tone and glance—
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?

No, no, indeed!

That would not do.

Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.
Oh, he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait

A little while

Till I had danced with Charlie Green;

Then I cast a smile

On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.

Oh, the look he cast on me
As his eyes fell sadly down!
He said he something had to say,
But I laughed and turned away,

For my sight was growing dim,
Saying, I would not forget

That I was to dance with him.

He did not go to Kittie Carrol,
Who was sitting all alone,
Watching us with flashing eyes;
But he slowly turned away
To a corner in the dark.

There he waited patiently,
And, he said, most wearily,
For the dancing to be done;
And, although my heart was aching,

And very nigh to breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun
Just to see him standing there
Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
What a picture of despair;
Why not hie to Kittie Carrol?

She has money, so they say,
And has held it out for lovers

Many and many a weary day.
She is rather plain, I know—
Crooked nose and reddish hair,
And her years are more than yours.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
(He is not rich like Charlie Green.)
What does love for beauty care?
Hie away to Kittie Carrol;
Ask her out to dance with you,
Or she'll think that you are fickle
And your vows of love untrue,
And maybe you'll get the mitten:
Then—ah, then—what will you do?

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand, but I heeded not,
And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
But I did not heed at all;
For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
And the tears began to fall.
He led me out beneath the stars,
I told him it was in vain
For him to vow—I had no faith
To pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
And my pride flew away,
And left me to weep.
And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me,
“Yes, love only you,” he said,
I could not help trusting Archie—
Say, could you?

GERMAN CHARACTER.

Arthur S. Hoyt.

Two elements underlie all Teutonic character—the deep power of love and the grand power of will. The one is run in the intense national spirit of the race, in the sacredness of domestic ties, in the reverence for a Supreme Being. The other has been the fruitful germ of free acting and free thinking, of civil right and religious liberty, the force which, through willing hearts and plodding brains, has scaled the loftiest heights of speculation or fathomed the lowest depths of research.

Have you ever read that poem of Arndt's, "What is the German's Fatherland?" Arrogant French diplomacy little knew the storm it was gathering to burst upon its own head. It planned the disruption of a people, but inspired a song which bound it with cords the wildest martial fury could not snap. How all their later history breathes and pulsates with this unity of race. How the word "Fatherland" is twined about the very tendrils of the German heart!

Why was Frederic called the "Hero of Rosbach"? That was not a great victory. The well-regulated Prussian valor easily overcame a dunce of a general and his ill-disciplined army. It has been honored and crowned because it made a day memorable as Agincourt or Bannockburn. Hitherto Germans had fought Germans. The defeat of one could not be called the honest pride of the other. Rosbach was the first field won from the Gallic race by a pure Teutonic army since the age of Charlemagne. It gave language to unuttered feelings, and distinctly proclaimed the reality of a German nation.

The last decade has drawn the same character in a bolder hand. Six short weeks humbled the power of Austria and pointed the way to Prussian ascendancy. No thrill of joy ran from the Baltic to the Alps. Stained and tattered banners hung in the churches of Berlin; but they told only the story of one blood and one language. The power of a Bismarck had crushed forever the ambition of a Leopold; but Germany kept an ominous silence, and only cast suspicious glances at the would-be autocrat of Europe.

A handful of years and the scene has changed. A rumor floats on the heated air of a summer day that startles the

quiet of a sleepy hamlet, and rises above the din of the busiest mart. It is the courier of war, telling with panting breath how Paris resounds with the cry of "On to Berlin," and how a French army is marching for the Rhine. The sluggish German blood quickens its flow, and the national heart throbs with a stronger life. Visions of desecrated homes and polluted altars rise unbidden, and the Fatherland is bulwarked by a million men. "Empire of the Air" no longer, Germany becomes the "Empire of the Land," and vows to guard forever the ancient freedom of the Rhine.

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

William Sawyer.

An Emigrant's Reminiscence.

Oh, hideous leagues of straining woods,
Straining back from the sea ;
Oh, woods of pine, and nothing but pine,
Will they never have end for me ?

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine,
My very brain it sears ;
And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is it ever to haunt my ears ?

Let me remember it all : 'Twas late—
The burning end of day—
The trees were all in a golden glow,
As with the flame they would burn away.

The joyful news to our clearing came,
Came as the sun went down ;
A ship from England at anchor lay
In the bay of the nearest town.

In that good ship my Alice had come—
Alice, my dainty queen !
Sweet Alice, my own, my own so near—
There was only the woods between !

Now, three days' journey we counted that,
The days and nights were three ;

But for thirty days and thirty nights
I had journeyed my love to see.

Before an hour to the night had gone,
Into the wood I went ;
The pine tops yet were bright in the light,
Though below it was all but spent.

"The moon at ten and the dawn at four !"
For this I offered praise ;
Though I knew the wood on the hither side,
Knew each of its tortuous ways.

The moon rose redder than any sun,
Through the straight pines it rose ;
But glittered on keener eyes than mine—
On the eyes of deadliest foes !

To sudden peril my heart awoke—
And yet it did not quail ;
I had skirted Indians in their camp,
And the fiends were upon my trail !

Three stealthy "Snakes" were upon my track,
Supple and dusk and dread ;
A thought of Alice, a prayer to God,
And like wind on my course I sped.

Only in flight, in weariest flight,
Could I my safety find ;
But fast or slow, howe'er I might go,
They followed me close behind.

The night wore out and the moon went down,
The sun rose in the sky ;
But on and on came the stealthy foes,
Who had made it my doom to die.

With two to follow and one to sleep,
They tracked me through the night ;
But one could follow and two could sleep
In the day's increasing light.

So all day under the burning sky,
All night beneath the stars,
And on, when the moon through ranging pines
Gleamed white as through prison-bars.

With some to follow and some to halt,
Their course they well might keep ;
But I—oh, God, for a little rest,
For a moment of blessed sleep !

Lost in the heart of the hideous wood,
My desperate way I kept ;
For why ! They would take me if I stayed,
And murder me if I slept.

But brain will yield and body will drop ;
And next when sunset came,
I shrieked delirious at the light,
For I fancied the wood on flame !

I shrieked, I reeled ; then venomous eyes
And dusky shapes were there ;
And I felt the touch of gleaming steel,
And a hand in my twisted hair.

A cry, a struggle, and down I sank ;
But sank not down alone—
A shot had entered the Indian's heart,
And his body bore down my own !

Yet an Indian gun that shot had fired—
Most timely, Heaven knows !
For I had chanced on a friendly tribe,
Who were watching my stealthy foes.

And they who fired had kindest hearts :
They gave me nursing care ;
And when that my brain knew aught again,
Lo, my Alice, my own, was there !

Dear Alice ! But, oh, the straining woods,
Straining back from the sea ;
The woods of pine, and nothing but pine,
They have never an end for me.

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine,
My brain to madness sears ;
And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is a horror in my ears.

THE BELLS.

Edgar A. Poe.

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove, that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells,
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh! the bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horrid outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah! the people!
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone:
 They are neither man nor woman,
 They are neither brute nor human;
 They are ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls
 And he rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells,
 Keeping time
 As he knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

From the "Burlington Hawkeye."

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and, seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said; "all palace cars and \$2 extra for seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad guage," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over ticket allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please

road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders ; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman ; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in this country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too ; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?"

"Now you're shouting!" he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next

revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha," said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it through, double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections, and a good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she,—
 O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle.
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules : within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not nor it cannot come to good.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

George P. Morris.

This book is all that's left me now !
 Tears will unbidden start,—
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree :
 My mother's hand this Bible clasped ;
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear,
 Who round the hearthstone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill !
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters, dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who leaned God's word to hear.
 Her angel-face—I see it yet!
 What thronging memories come !
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy :
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Thomas Hood.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh ! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work—
 Till the brain begins to swim,
 Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“ Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“ But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“ Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags,—
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“ Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,

And work—work—work
 When the weather is warm and bright—
 While undereath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one sweet hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sung this “Song of the Shirt.”

CLASSICAL STUDY.

Henry A. Frink.

The power to think, the power to speak, and the power to lead, are essential to success in public life ; and whatever contributes to these is of utility to the public man. It is our purpose to show that such is the utility of classical study.

"The one condition," says Sir William Hamilton, "under which all powers are developed is exercise." When the Egyptian palm sends up its first shoot, weights are laid upon it. The stalk, thwarted in its upward growth, spreads out its stem, and increases in bulk until strong enough to resist the opposing force. Years afterward a tall, wide-spreading tree throws out its cooling branches to give rest and shade to the weary traveler, that, but for the direction thus given to its growth, would have been a branchless stalk. As it is not the nourishment of the soil that shapes, strengthens, and solidifies the slender stalk into a stately tree, neither is it information, but mental discipline, that develops force of intellect. Here classical study is useful. Is the mind slow to discriminate? The classics give edge to its dulness. Is comparison feeble? Where can more constant and strengthening exercise be found than in translation? Is memory inclined to lag? Ever spurred to its highest activity to meet constant demands upon its resources, it becomes the most nimble and ready of servitors. Is imagination fettered and groveling? How elevated and refined, if not by acquaintance with the most brilliant imagery, radiant with beauty? Is there no power of concentration, no method to the operation of the mind? Bend the mental energies to the steady, systematic work of interpretation, and the ideas that are now like a whirl of sparks will become the bright, burning flame of organized thought. The study of classics trains the mind to act efficiently in the sphere of probabilities; to weigh, to compare, to analyze evidence not definite and axiomatic, but variable and conditional.

For over four centuries the public men of England have been remarkable for classic culture; and has any country been gifted with more able and brilliant statesmen? If the practical sense of Washington gained our liberties, the trained and cultured mind of Hamilton preserved them. Had not Hamilton in the Cabinet made permanent the victories of the field, history would have given Washington rank but little above Wallace, Bolivar, or Toussaint L'Ouverture. Do we forget that the uncultured eloquence of Otis and Patrick Henry gave the signal call to freedom? No; but we remember it was men of classical training, like Adams, Hancock, Jay, and Jefferson, that, through all the gathering difficulties of eight long years, thought out a way to independence. Compare the waning glory of Clay and

the enduring fame of the classic Webster. Clay by his native oratory moved men as the tempest sways the mountain ash. But now the "silver tongue" is hushed, and the "electric look" and "appealing gesture" speak no more; what remains for the future to associate with his name? "I still live," were the dying words of Webster. Words of prophecy that will gather meaning with the generations to come. Words spoken in another sense, yet expressive of the element of duration in all his life-long efforts as jurist, orator, and statesman.

THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING.

Anonymous.

We parted by the gate in June,
 That soft and balmy month,
 Beneath the sweetly-beaming moon,
 And (wonth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I can't
 find a rhyme to month).
 Years were to pass ere we should meet.
 A wide and yawning gulf
 Divides me from my love so sweet,
 While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck again; I
 can't get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself).
 Oh, how I dreaded in my soul
 To part from my sweet nymph,
 While years should their long seasons roll
 Before (hymph—dymph—symph—I guess I'll
 have to let it go at that).
 Beneath my fortune's stern decree
 My lonely spirits sunk,
 For I a weary soul should be,
 And a (hunk—dunk—runk—sk— That will
 never do in the world).
 She buried her dear lovely face
 Within her azure scarf,
 She knew I'd take the wretchedness,
 As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf-and-harf—
 That wont answer either).
 Oh, I had loved her many years,
 I loved her for herself;

I loved her for her tender tears,
 And also for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf—no,
 no ; not for her pelf).
 I took between my hands her head,
 How sweet her lips did pouch !
 I kissed her lovingly and said—
 (Bouch—mouch—louch—ouch—not a bit of it
 did I say *ouch* !)
 I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
 My tears they did escape,
 My sorrow I could not command,
 And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape ; well,
 perhaps I did feel like an ape).
 I gave to her a fond adieu,
 Sweet pupil of love's school,
 I told her I would e'er be true,
 And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool ; since
 I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with
 another fellow before I was gone a month).

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Lord Byron.

The seal is set. Now welcome, thou dread power !
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
 That we become a part of what has been,
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
 And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure. Wherefore not ?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot ?
 Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie :

He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him ; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize ;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire !

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

John Pierpont.

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they ?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride,
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!—

The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;

But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;

When summer 's throned on high,

And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day

On that hallowed spot is cast ;

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :

It walks in noon's broad light ;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

William Cullen Bryant.

Upon a rock that, high and sheer,

Rose from the mountain's breast,

A weary hunter of the deer

Had sat him down to rest,

And bared, to the soft summer air,

His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,

With dimmer vales between ;

And rivers glimmered on their way,

By forests, faintly seen ;

While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

Thou weary huntsman, thus it said,
Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee.

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams, he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again,
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right toward his resting-place,
And stretched her hand and called his name
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
 Plunged from that craggy wall,
 He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
 An instant in his fall ;
 A frightful instant—and no more,
 The dream and life at once were o'er.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In the hour of twilight shadows
 The Puritan looked out :
 He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
 That lurked all around about,
 Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
 And Pecksuot's whooping shout ;
 For the baby's limbs were feeble,
 Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin
 Too bare for the hungry rat,
 Its roof was thatched with ragged grass
 And bald enough of that ;
 The hole that served for casement
 Was glazed with an ancient hat ;
 And the ice was gently thawing
 From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
 His eyes went to and fro,
 The trees all clad in icicles,
 The streams that did not flow ;
 A sudden thought flashed o'er him,—
 A dream of long ago,—
 He smote his leathern jerkin
 And murmured " Even so ! "

" Come hither, God-be-glorified.
 And sit upon my knee,
 Behold the dream unfolding,
 Whereof I spake to thee

By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea ;
True is the dream's beginning,—
So may its ending be !

“ I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast ;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast ;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.

“ Again mine eyes were opened ;
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng ;
By shadowed lake and winding stream
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

“ They slept,—the village fathers,—
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more ;
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

“ Their leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye ;
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try ;
God for the right ! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

“ Once more ;—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,

The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side ;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash,—as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these ?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,—
But what is she, whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze ?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell !
The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

"O trembling Faith ! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine ;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine !

"I see the living tide roll on ;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers' !
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the Northern showers ;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours !"

He ceased,—the grim old Puritan,—
 Then softly bent to cheer
 The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
 Was meekly turned to hear ;
 And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
 To brush the manly tear
 From cheeks that never changed in woe,
 And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
 His resting-place unknown ;
 His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
 The dust was o'er him strown ;
 The drifting soil, the moldering leaf,
 Along the sod were blown ;
 His mound has melted into earth,
 His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
 The memory of the dead,
 Long as the pale anemone
 Springs where their tears were shed,
 Or, raining in the summer's wind
 In flakes of burning red,
 The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
 The turf where once they bled !

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
 That guard this holy strand
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
 In beds of sparkling sand,
 While in the waste of ocean
 One hoary rock shall stand,
 Be this its latest legend,—
 HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND !

 BOOKS.

E. P. Whipple.

There was to be a stern death-grapple between the heavy arm and the ethereal thought ; between that which was and that which ought to be ; for there was a great spirit abroad, which dungeons could not confine nor oceans check. It

was a spirit whose path lay through the great region of ideas ; whose dominion was over the mind.

From the hour of the invention of printing, books, and not kings, were to rule the world. Weapons forged in the mind, keen-edged, and brighter than a sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and battle-ax. Books ! light-houses built on the sea of time ! Books ! by whose sorcery the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes. From their pages great souls look down in all their grandeur, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time. In that world "no divinity hedges a king"; no accident of rank ennobles a dunce or shields a knave. Reason is confined within none of the limits which trammel it in life. There, things are called by their right names. Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great and good ; we despise only the despicable ; honor only the honorable.

In the world of books we can select companions from among the most richly gifted of the sons of God. When everything else fails ; when the world of forms and shows appears a two-edged lie, which seems but is not ; when all our earth-clinging hopes melt into nothingness, we are still not without friends. In their immortal countenances we see no change. They dignify low fortune and humble life with their kingly presence, and people solitude with shapes more glorious than ever glistened in court or palace.

Well might Milton exclaim in that impassioned speech for the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing": "Who kills a man kills a reasoning creature—God's image ; but who destroys a good book kills reason itself." Many a man lives a burden upon the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

When Freedom, from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there !

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high !
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Anonymous.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Victor Hugo.

It had rained all night. Water lay here and there in the hollows of the plain, as in basins. At some points the wheels sank to the axles. The horses' girths dripped with liquid mud. The affair opened late. The plan of the battle which had been conceived was indeed admirable. Ney drew his sword, placed himself at the head, and the immense squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. Nothing like it had been seen since the taking of the grand redoubt at La Moscana, by the heavy cavalry. Murat was not there; but Ney *was* there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabers; a furious bounding of horses among the cannon; a terrible, disciplined tumult. Something like this vision appeared in the old Orphic Epics which tell of certain antique hippanthropes, those Titans, with human faces and chests like horses, whose gallop scaled Olympus, horrible, invulnerable, sublime—at once gods and beasts.

All at once, at the left of the English, and on the French right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with frightful clamor, and there appeared three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Unmanageable, full of fury, and bent on extermination of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English, a ditch—a grave! It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was a ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first. The horses reared; threw themselves over; fell upon their backs; struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders. Without power to retreat, the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force

acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled with riders and horses rolled in together, grinding one another, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over and passed on.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle of Waterloo? We answer, No! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No. Because of God! For Bonaparte to conquer at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. It was time that this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the Infinite! He had vexed God! Waterloo was not a battle. It was the change of front of the Universe.

TO THE FUTURE.

James Russell Lowell.

O, Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's height
 Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers?
 Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,
 Thy nestled homes and sun-illumined towers?
 Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped gold,
 Its crags of opal and of crysolite,
 Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold
 Still brightening abysses,
 And blazing precipices,
 Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven,
 Sometimes a glimpse is given,
 Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted blisses.

O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
 Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;
 Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf
 And lure out blossoms; to thy bosom leaps,
 As to a mother's, the o'er wearied heart,
 Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,
 The hurrying feet, the curses without number,
 And, circled with the glow Elysian,
 Of thine exulting vision,
 Out of its very cares woos charms for peace and slumber.

To thee the Earth lifts up her fettered hands
And cries for vengeance; with a pitying smile
Thou blessest her, and she forgets her bands,
And her old woe-worn face a little while
Grows young and noble; unto thee the Oppressor
Looks, and is dumb with awe;
The eternal law
Which makes the crime its own blindfold redresser,
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,
And he can see the grim-eyed Doom
From out the trembling gloom
Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace goading.

What promises hast thou for Poet's eyes,
Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong!
To all their hopes what over-joyed replies!
What undreamed ecstasies for blissful song!
Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawling clangor
Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor;
The humble glares not on the high with anger;
Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for more;
In vain strives Self the godlike sense to smother;
From the soul's deeps
It throbs and leaps;
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long-lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free;
To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about his knee
Welcome as children; thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted;
The Prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest
And, gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,
Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,
And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving kindly
The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee
Fierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith blindly
Their own souls they were scarring; conquerors see
With horror in their hands the accursed spear
That tore the meek One's side on Calvary;

And from their trophies shrink with ghastly fear;
 Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
 The beauty of man's soul to man revealing;
 The arrows from thy quiver
 Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for healing.

O, whither, whither, glory-winged dreams,
 From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye bear me?
 Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,
 This agony of hopeless contrast spare me!
 Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my night!
 He is a coward who would borrow
 A charm against the present sorrow
 From the vague Future's promise of delight:
 As life's alarums nearer roll,
 The ancestral buckler calls,
 Self-clanging, from the walls
 In the high temple of the soul;
 Where are most sorrows, there the poet's sphere is,
 To feed the soul with patience,
 To heal its desolations
 With words of unshorn truth, with love that never wearies.

THE MODERN BELLE.

Stark.

She sits in a fashionable parlor
 And rocks in her easy chair;
 She is clad in silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair;
 She winks and giggles and simpers,
 And simpers and giggles and winks,
 And though she talks but little,
 'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
 Till nearly the hour of noon,
 Then comes down snapping and snarling
 Because she was called so soon;
 Her hair is still in papers,
 Her cheeks still fresh with paint—
 Remains of her last night's blushes
 Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
 And men with "flowing hair";
 She's eloquent over mustaches,
 They give such a foreign air.
 She talks of Italian music,
 And falls in love with the moon;
 And if a mouse were to meet her
 She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
 Her hands are so very white,
 Her jewels so very heavy,
 And her head so very light;
 Her color is made of cosmetics
 (Though this she will never own),
 Her body is made mostly of cotton,
 Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
 Who swells with a foreign air;
 He marries her for her money,
 She marries him for his hair!
 One of the very best matches—
 Both are well mated in life—
 She's got a fool for a husband,
 He's got a fool for a wife.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

Shakespeare.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O! thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,

In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

Young.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise:
 At least their own; their future selves applaud:
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone,
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,

And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Even with the tender tears which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

Joseph Addison.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

John Pierpont.

O, no, no—let *me* lie
 Not on a field of battle, when I die!
 Let not the iron tread
 Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
 Nor let the reeking knife,
 That I have drawn against a brother's life,
 Be in my hand, when Death
 Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
 His heavy squadron's heels,
 Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
 Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
 And the bald Eagle brings
 The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
 To sparkle in my sight,
 O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
 Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
 And brazen helmets dance,
 And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:

I know that bards have sung
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;
I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout
But, as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No! let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly.

And, in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up and have given
Already fruits of which to taste is Heaven!

And, though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
And breathe a humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering
there.

THE AIM OF DON QUIXOTE.

George Ticknor.

At the very beginning of his great work, Cervantes announces it to be his sole purpose to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry, and at the end of the whole, he declares anew, in his own person, that "he had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry;" exulting in his success, as an achievement of no small moment. And such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain, during the sixteenth century, as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious.

To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men, to break up the only reading which, at that time, could be considered widely popular and fashionable, was certainly a bold undertaking, and one that marks anything rather than a scornful or broken spirit, or a want of faith in what is most to be valued in our common nature. The great wonder is, that Cervantes succeeded. But that he *did*, there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of Don Quixote in 1605; and from that date, even those already enjoying the greatest favor ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted: so that, from that time to the present, they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities.

The general plan Cervantes adopted to accomplish this object, without, perhaps, foreseeing its whole course, and still less all its results, was simple as well as original. In 1605, he published the first part of Don Quixote, in which a country gentleman of La Mancha—full of genuine Castilian honor and enthusiasm, gentle and dignified in his character, trusted by his friends, and loved by his dependents—is represented as so completely crazed by long reading the most famous books of chivalry, that he believes them to be true, and feels himself called on to become the impossible knight-errant they describe,—nay, actually goes forth into the world to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, like the heroes of his romances.

To complete his chivalrous equipment,—which he had

begun by fitting up for himself a suit of armor strange to his century,—he took an esquire out of his neighborhood; a middle-aged peasant, ignorant and credulous to excess, but of great good nature; a glutton and a liar; selfish and gross, yet attached to his master; shrewd enough occasionally to see the folly of their position, but always amusing, and sometimes mischievous in his interpretations of it.

These two sally forth from their native village, in search of adventures of which the excited imagination of the knight, turning windmills into giants, solitary inns into castles, and galley-slaves into oppressed gentlemen, finds abundance wherever he goes; while the esquire translates them all into the plain prose of truth with an admirable simplicity, quite unconscious of its own humor, and rendered the more striking by its contrast with the lofty and courteous dignity and magnificent illusions of the superior personage. There could, of course, be but one consistent termination of adventures like these. The knight and his esquire suffer a series of ridiculous discomfitures, and are, at last, brought home, like madmen, to their native village, where Cervantes leaves them with an intimation that the story of their adventures is by no means ended.

The latter half of Don Quixote is a contradiction of the proverb Cervantes cites in it—that *second* parts were never yet good for much. It is, in fact, better than the first. But, throughout both parts, Cervantes shows the impulses and instincts of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho; characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages. His delights, therefore, to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene.

The knight becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was, to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is, again, very similar, and, perhaps, in some respects stronger. At first, he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his

master's peculiarities in a more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the first part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterward the staple of his conversation and humor; and it is not until the opening of the second part, and, indeed, not till he comes forth in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as governor of Barataria, that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque, yet congruous proportions.

But, if we would do Cervantes the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*, we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling, and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high: but that, with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue, it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of *Don Quixote*, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.*

Thomas Moore.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,

* They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.—*Anon.*

Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe!

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,*
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light,"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

* The Dismal Swamp is an immense marshy tract of land, commencing near Norfolk, Virginia, and extending far into North Carolina: being about thirty miles in length and ten in width. In the midst of the Swamp is the lake here referred to—Lake Drummond—fifteen miles in circumference.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

DANTE AND MILTON COMPARED.

Lord Macaulay.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy, we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is, perhaps, no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful.

The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of Heaven, could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its *honey*. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!"

The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished on his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of

oppression ; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds.

That hateful proscription—facetiously termed the act of indemnity and oblivion—had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public.

It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing, so fitly, as to the rabble of Comus—grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human—dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole tribe of satyrs and goblins.

If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor penury, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful.

Such as it was, when on the eve of great events he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

William Cullen Bryant.

Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground:—

And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
“My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

“Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.

Take it—my wife, the long, long day
 Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
 And my young children leave their play,
 And ask in vain for me.”

“I take thy gold—but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long.”
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive’s frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain:
 At once his eye grew wild;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled;
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena’s prey.

ALPINE SCENERY.

Lord Byron.

Above me are the Alps—most glorious Alps—
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
 All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
 Gather around these summits as to show
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,—
 The mirror, where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.
 There is too much of man here, to look through,

With a fit mind, the might which I behold;
 But soon in me shall loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd that penned me in their fold.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
 With the wide world I've dwelt in is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar ; but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk; yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveler, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill;—
 But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love distill,
 Weeping themselves away till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
 If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
 All heaven and earth are still! From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
 All is centered in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and Defense.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night,
 And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night.—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea—
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful:—the far roll
 Of your departing voices is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest,
 But where, of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
 Are ye like those within the human breast?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contained no tomb,—

And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence; and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

BLANNERHASSETT.

William Wirt.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shennstone might have envied, blooms around him; music, which might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him; and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children.

The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is only a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart—the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr! Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs of itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast; every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it, enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blenner-

hassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustle, and hurricane of life.

In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul; his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility; he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and in a few months we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly,—” we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness; thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace; thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another;—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory. Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason.

SERENADE.

James Gates Percival.

Softly the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night,—
Wake! O, awake!
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar,
List ye! O, list
To the lively guitar.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gayly and cheerily,—
Wake! O, awake !

See the light pinnacle
Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides,
At the heave of the oar,
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant car,
Nearer and nearer,
The lively guitar.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat,
Like a wild swan, is seen
On the waters to float;
And the light dripping oars
Bear it smoothly along,
In time to the air
Of the gondolier's song.

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of the night,
That are sacred to love.

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

She opens her lattice
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight and starlight,
A statue of snow;
And she sings in a voice
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapor of snow;
Her voice and his rebec
Alternately flow ;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill;
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

NIGHTFALL.

W. W. Ellsworth.

Alone I stand;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land;

Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

Slow falls the night:
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright,
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails a starry train—
While low and sweet
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet.

Fair night of June!
Your silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating, plays,
In moonlit lays,
A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground;
 A peace profound
 Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
 Save at my feet
 The ceaseless beat
 Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

THE BOY.

Nathaniel P. Willis.

There's something in a noble boy,
 A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
 With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
 His dread of books and love of fun,
 And in his clear and ready smile,
 Unshaded by a thought of guile,
 And unrepress'd by sadness,—
 Which brings me to my childhood back,
 As if I trod its very track,
 And felt its very gladness.

And yet, it is not in his play,
 When every trace of thought is lost,
 And not when you would call him gay,
 That his bright presence thrills me most:
 His shout may ring upon the hill,
 His voice be echo'd in the hall,
 His merry laugh like music trill,
 And I in sadness hear it all,—
 For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
 I scarcely notice such things now,—

But when, amid the earnest game,
 He stops, as if he music heard,
 And, heedless of his shouted name
 As of the carol of a bird,
 Stands gazing on the empty air,
 As if some dream were passing there;—
 'Tis then that on his face I look—
 His beautiful but thoughtful face—
 And, like a long-forgotten book,
 Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—

Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fetter'd now;
Things that come o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all!
And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

A REVERIE.

James Russell Lowell.

In the twilight deep and silent
Comes thy spirit unto mine,
When the moonlight and the starlight
Over cliff and woodland shine,
And the quiver of the river
Seems a thrill of joy benign.

Then I rise and wander slowly
To the headland by the sea,
When the evening star throbs setting
Through the cloudy cedar tree,
And from under, mellow thunder
Of the surf comes fitfully.

Then within my soul I feel thee
Like a gleam of other years,

Visions of my childhood murmur
Their old madness in my ears,
Till the pleasance of thy presence
Cools my heart with blissful tears.

All the wondrous dreams of boyhood—
All youth's fiery thirst of praise—
All the surer hopes of manhood
Blossoming in sadder days—
Joys that bound me, griefs that crowned me
With a better wreath than bays—

All the longings after freedom—
The vague love of human kind,
Wandering far and near at random
Like a winged seed in the wind—
The dim yearnings and fierce burnings
Of an undirected mind—

All of these, oh best beloved,
Happiest present dreams and past,
In thy love find safe fulfillment,
Ripened into truths at last;
Faith and beauty, hope and duty
To one center gather fast.

How my nature, like an ocean,
At the breath of thine awakes,
Leaps its shores in mad exulting
And in foamy thunder breaks,
Then downsinking, lieth shrinking
At the tumult that it makes!

Blazing Hesperus hath sunken
Low within the pale-blue west,
And with golden splendor crowneth
The horizon's piny crest;
Thoughtful quiet stills the riot
Of wild longing in my breast.

Home I loiter through the moonlight,
Underneath the quivering trees,

Which, as if a spirit stirred them,
Sway and bend, till by degrees
The far surge's murmur merges
In the rustle of the breeze.

LEE'S MISERABLES.

They called themselves Lee's Miserables. The name had a somewhat curious origin. Victor Hugo's novel, *Les Miserables*, had been translated and published by a house in Richmond. The soldiers, in the great dearth of reading matter, had seized upon it, and so by a strange chance the tragic story of the great French writer had become known to the soldiers in the trenches. Little familiar with the Gallic pronunciation, they called the book *Lee's Miserables*. Then another step was taken. The worn veterans of the army laughed at their miseries and called themselves Lee's Miserables. And, truly, they were the wretched. A little grease and corn bread, the grease rancid and the bread musty—this was the food of the army. Thousands had no blankets, no jackets, no shoes. Gaunt forms in ragged old shirts and torn trousers clutched their muskets. Day after day, week after week, month after month they were there, in the trenches, at the grim work; and some fiat of Destiny seemed to have chained them there to battle forever. Silence had fled from the trenches. The crash of musketry and the bellow of artillery seemed never to cease. The men were rocked to sleep by it. They slept on, though mortar shells rose, described their flaming courses, and bursting, rained fragments of death-dealing iron upon them. To many that was their last sleep. The iron tore them in their tanned blankets. They rose gasping, streaming with blood, then staggered and fell. When you passed by you saw something lying on the ground, covered with an old blanket. It was one of Lee's Miserables, killed last night and gone to answer before his Master.

The trenches! Ah, the trenches! Where a historic army guarded the capital of a historic nation—the nation of Virginia. And how they guarded it! In the bright day and dark, they stood by their posts unmoved. When you saw the gaunt faces contract and the tears flow, it was because

some letter had come, saying that their wives and children were starving.

Army of Northern Virginia! Old soldiers of Lee! You meant to follow your commander to the last. You did *not* shrink in the final hour, the hour of supreme trial. Did they, or did they not, fight to the end? Answer, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor—every spot around Petersburg where they closed in death grapple with the unwearied enemy! Answer, bleak spring of '65, trouble days of the great retreat, when, hunted down and driven to bay like wild animals, they fought from Five Forks to Appomattox Court House, fought staggering, starving, falling; but defiant to the last!

Bearded men were seen crying on the 9th of April, '65. But it was surrender which wrung their hearts and brought tears to their eyes. Grant's cannons had only made Lee's Miserables *cheer* and *laugh*.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Lord Byron.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose;
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned and barred—forbidden fare.
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death.
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.
 We were seven, who now are one—
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of persecution's rage;

One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed—
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

They chained us each to a column stone;
And we were three—yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace;
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart—
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each—
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

III.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men,
Like brutes, within an iron den,

But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
But then within my brain it wrought
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

IV.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care—for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:

I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: I found him not.
I only stirred in this black spot;
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still—

Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

V.

What next befel me then and there
I know not well—I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none:
Among the stones I stood a stone;
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight;
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death—
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

VI.

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then, by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track:

I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine—
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;

For—heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile!—

I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;

But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

VII.

A kind of change came in my fate—
My keepers grew compassionate.

I know not what had made them so—
They were inured to sights of woe;
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun—
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

VIII.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last came men to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be;
I learned to love despair.
And thus, when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a sacred home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,—
Had seen the mice by moonlight play—
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends

To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

NATIONAL INJUSTICE.

Theodore Parker.

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great States eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the great States come to an end? By their own injustice. Come with me to the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb. Come, old Assyria, with the dove of Nineveh upon thy emerald crown! What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice." Oh, queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen—thou that trodest the people under thee, didst bridge the Hellespont with ships, and didst pour thy temple-wasting millions on the Western World? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the Western World. I fell by my own misdeeds." Thou muse-like Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of States, enchanting the world with thy sweet witchery speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest thou there, with thy beauteous yet dishonored brow reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God, banished and prisoned the wisest, justest men. I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that more than Parian speech. But the reality of justice, the loveliness of right, I trod them down. So have I become as one of those barbarian States—as one of *them*!" Oh, manly, majestic Rome! thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought *thee* low, for thy great book of law was prefaced with these words: "Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right!" "It was not the saint's ideal, but the hypocrite's pretense. I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces, where now thou mayest see the fox and hear the birds of night. It fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my earliest counselors. The flatterer

breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondsmen met the evil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? So here have I my recompense, tormented with such retribution as ye see. Go back and tell the new-born child who sits upon the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea; a crown of forty-two stars upon his young brow—tell him there are rights which States *must* keep, or they shall fall; tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks His eternal laws. Warn the young empire, that he come not down broken and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that ‘Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right.’ I knew it, I broke it—I am lost! Bid him keep it and be safe!”

ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK.

Anon.

Shady tree—babbling brook,
 Girl in hammock—reading book.
 Golden curls—tiny feet,
 Girl in hammock looks so sweet.

Man rides past—big mustache,
 Girl in hammock makes a “mash.”

“Mash” is mutual—day is set,
 Man and maiden—married get.

Married now a year and a day,
 Keeping house in Avenue A.
 Red-hot stove—beefsteak frying,
 Girl got married—cooking trying.

Cheeks all burning—eyes look red,
 Girl got married—almost dead.
 Biscuit burnt up—beefsteak charry,
 Girl got married—awful sorry.

Man comes home—tears mustache,
 Mad as blazes—got no cash.
 Thinks of hammock—in the lane;
 Wishes maiden—back again.

Maiden also—thinks of swing,
And wants to go back too, poor thing!

Hour of midnight—baby squawking;
Man in bare feet—bravely walking;
The baby yells—now the other
Twin, he strikes up—like his brother.
Paregoric—by the bottle
Poured into—the baby's throttle.

Naughty tack—points in air,
Waiting some one's—foot to tear.

Man in bare feet—see him there!
O my gracious!—hear him swear!

Raving crazy—gets his gun
And blows his head off;
Dead and gone.

Pretty widow—with a book
In the hammock—by the brook.

Man rides past—big mustache;
Keeps on riding—nary “mash.”

SPIRITS OF THE STORM.

N. J. Clodfetter.

Published by permission of the author.

Roll, thunders, roll !
On the cold mist of the night,
As I watch the streaming light,
Lurid, blinking in the south,
Like a mighty serpent's mouth
Spitting fire.
Peal on peal, the thunder's crashing,
And the streaming lightning's flashing.
Like great giants coming o'er us,
Dancing to the distant chorus,
In their ire,
Sowing fire,

From the wild sky higher, higher,
While the heaving angry motion,
Of a great aerial Ocean,
Dashes cloud-built ships asunder,
As the distant coming thunder
 Rolls, rolls, rolls,
And shakes the great earth to the poles.

 Roll, thunders, roll!
You awake my sleeping soul,
To see the war in rage before me,
And its dreadful menace o'er me,
 Lightning,
 Brightening,
 Flashing,
 Dashing:
Thunders booming in the distance,
Till the earth seems in resistance
 To the navies sailing higher,
 O'er the wild clouds dropping fire;
And there he comes! the wing'd horse comes,
 Beneath great Jove, whose mighty arms
Hurl thunder-bolts, and heaven drums
 Her awful roll of sad alarms:
He stamps the clouds, and onward prances,
As from him the wild lightning glances;
 By his neigh the world is shaken,
And his hoof so fleetly dances
 That the lightning 's overtaken,
And he feeds upon its blazing
Shafts, as if he were but grazing;
Stops, paws the clouds beneath his form,
Then gallops o'er the raging storm;
Flies on! his long-disheveled mane,
Streams wildly through the leaden plane
 Of the dull skies,
The while the drapery of the clouds,
Wraps this spirit as in shrouds,
 Our darting eyes
 In vague surprise
 Arise,
And trace the wandering course
Of heaven's fleet-foot winged horse!

Roll, thunders, roll!
As lightnings in the arching scroll,
Streak the heavens in their flight
By their dazzling flow of light;
While old Neptune, all alone,
Is sitting on his mountain throne,
O'er the sea,
In a mood so lonely, he
Thrust his trident by his side,
With such force that the great mountain
Opens a deep cavern wide,
And bursts forth a living fountain
Sparkling with its silvery tide;
And the Nereids, fifty strong,
To the water's babbling song.
Like fairy wands
From Neptune's hands
Sally from this cavern wide,
Sailing o'er the gray cold rocks,
With their fairy rainbow locks,
Down upon the water's brim,
Either way the surface skim,
Till their taper'd fingers' tips
Gently in the water dips;
Then beneath the raging skies
Neptune in his chariot flies
O'er the sea,
With his trident in his hand,
In a bearing of command,
Fitting to his majesty,
He calls to his daughters,
To quit the wild waters,—
He calls, but they heed not his word:
Then his trident he hurls
At his sea-nymph girls,
But the truants—they flee from their lord.
Unto the clouds they go
In the whirlwinds of the storm,
Arethusa leads the way
Wheresoe'er the winds may blow.
She lithely moves her graceful form
As if she would herself survey,
And then she rides the southern wind

And bids her sister follow,
And leave old Neptune far behind,
Lord of his mountain hollow,—
To nurse his wrath
And tread his path,
And curse his fairy daughters,—
These mountain elves
That freed themselves
From the lord of ocean's waters.
He grasped a trident in his hand
That mystic rose at his command,
And wildly blew till the great ocean
Trembled like an aspen-tree,
And winds that were in wild commotion,
Whirling through immensity,
He'd by his magic art control
And gather in a secret scroll
And hurl them at his Dorian daughters
O'er the heaving angry waters,
Till the growling thunders roll,
Giving spleen to Neptune's soul
As he sees them dart through air,
Daughters fifty, all so fair,
Free from the Ionian Sea,
Designed to be
Their destiny.

Roll, thunders, roll!
Till many church-bells toll
Once in unity,
Touched by the enchanting wand
Of his majesty,
Who's arbiter of sea and land,
And marks each destiny.
But there!
The fair-faced nymphs of air,
Metamorphosed from the Dorian sea,
O'er the waters,
Lovely daughters,
Through the misty clouds they flee,
Their fairy forms
Float o'er the storms
So swift and magic'ly

That on the wings of the long streaming flashes
They ride, and they dance their delight,
Wear crowns of electrical dashes,
And bask in their dazzling light.

Where the deep-voiced thunder peals louder,
And the long-sheeted lightnings play fast,
We see them peep through the dark cloud, or
Ride off on a sulphurous blast.
When the storm to its fullness is raging,
And all Nature at war seems to be,
The cloud-sphere is then more engaging
To them than a wild breaking sea.

But now the growling, rolling, grumbling,
Thunders in the distance mumbling,
Fainter, fainter, dying, dying,
And the lightning dimmer flying,
O'er the dark cloud westward lying,
As the morning in her glory
Bursts forth like an ancient story,—
The while the resting sunbeams light
On this dark cloud of the night,
And the arching rainbow's given
To the spirit-forms of heaven,
In a moment unrolled
In its pinions of gold,
And quick as its birth
It o'ercircles the earth:
And there the spirits of the storms
Sit and rest their weary forms.

GARFIELD.

James G. Blaine.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next

he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rendering of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy.

Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the domoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great nation bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight

of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

M. F. Tupper.

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare,
“I now can forgive and forget.”

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit shall fret,
And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
 And mind shall be partner with heart,
 While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
 And show thee how evil thou art:
 Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
 How vast is that infinite debt!
 Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
 Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
 For thou art injurious too—
 Count not their sum till the total is told,
 For thou art unkind and untrue:
 And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
 Now mercy with justice is met;
 Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
 Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes; let a man when his enemy weeps,
 Be quick to receive him a friend;
 For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
 Hot coals—to refine and amend;
 And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
 As a nurse on her innocent pet,
 Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
 And whisper, *Forgive and Forget*.

SOLILOQUY OF THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Coates.

"Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
 Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
 Shivering, I watch by the cradle side
 For him, who pledged his love! Last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!
 Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
 Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
 And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
 Sleep!—for there is no food!—The font is dry!

Famine and cold their wearying work have done:
My heart must break! And thou!—The clock strikes one.

“Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

“Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!—The clock strikes two.”

“Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! My hope is o'er!

“Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return,—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

“Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!” They're dead! The clock
struck three.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Campbell.

At summer's eve, when heavens aerial bow
Spans, with bright arch, the glittering hills below,
Why, to yon mountain, turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those hills, of shadowy tint, appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain with its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;

Thus, from afar, each dim discovered scene
More pleasing seems, than all the past has been;
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye,
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can wisdom lend, with all her boasted power,
The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man,
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or if she holds an image to the view,
'Tis nature, pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade;
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When, wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,—
Thou undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Gray searcher of the upper air!
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls—
A crown upon the forehead bare—
A flashing on thy water-falls—
A rainbow glory in the cloud,
Upon thy awful summit bowed,
Dim relic of the recent storm!
And music, from the leafy shroud
Which wraps in green thy giant form,

Mellowed and softened from above,
Steals down upon the listening ear,
Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,
With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain, when
Thy shadows veiled the red man's home;
And over crag and serpent den,
And wild gorge, where the steps of men
In chase or battle might not come,
The mountain eagle bore on high
The emblem of the free of soul;
And midway in the fearful sky
Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,
Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out—
The moccasin hath left no track—
Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about
The Saco or the Merrimack,
And thou that liftest up on high
Thine awful barriers of the sky,
Art not the haunted mount of old,
When on each crag of blasted stone
Some mountain-spirit found a throne,
And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,
And answered to the Thunderer's cry
When rolled the cloud of tempest by,
And jutting rock and riven branch
Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then
Upon thy awful summit trod,
And the red dwellers of the glen
Bowed down before the Indian's God.
There, when His shadow veiled the sky,
The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,
And the red flashes of His eye
Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,
The dwellers of the hill have gone,

The sacred groves are trampled o'er,
 And footprints mar the altar-stone.
 The white man climbs thy tallest rock
 And hangs him from the mossy steep,
 Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,
 Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,
 And captive waters leap to light,
 And dancing down from height to height,
 Pass inward to the far-off deep.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,
 Gray altar of the days of old!
 Still are thy rugged features dear,
 As when unto my infant ear
 The legends of the past were told.
 Tales of the downward sweeping flood,
 When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—
 Of armed hand and spectral form,
 Of giants in their misty shroud,
 And voices calling long and loud
 In the drear pauses of the storm!

Farewell! The red man's face is turned
 Toward another hunting ground;
 For where the council-fire has burned,
 And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound
 Another fire is kindled now:
 Its light is on the white man's brow!
 The hunter race have passed away—
 Ay, vanished like the morning mist,
 Or dew-drops by the sunshine kissed,—
 And wherefore should the red man stay?

THE INDIAN'S TALE.

By J. G. Whittier.

The War-God did not wake to strife—
 The strong men of our forest land,
 No red hand grasped the battle-knife
 At Areouski's high command:—
 We held no war-dance by the dim
 And red light of the creeping flame;
 Nor warrior yell, nor battle hymn
 Upon the midnight breezes came.

There was no portent in the sky,
No shadow on the round, bright sun,
With light and mirth and melody
The long, fair summer days came on.
We were a happy people then,
Rejoicing in our hunter mood;
No foot-prints of the pale-faced men
Had marred our forest solitude.

The land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of wood and streams;
Our warriors strong of heart and hand,
Our daughters beautiful as dreams.
When wearied at the thirsty noon,
We knelt us where the spring gushed up,
To taste our Father's blessed boon—
Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut
A wan, weak creature of distress;
The red man's door is never shut
Against the lone and shelterless.
And when he knelt before his feet,
My father led the stranger in;
He gave him of his hunter meat—
Alas! it was a deadly sin!

The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was sadly pale,
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers
Which tremble in the meadow gale:
And when he laid him down to die,
And murmured of his fatherland,
My mother wiped his tearful eye,
My father held his burning hand!

He died at last—the funeral yell
Rang upward from his burial sod,
And the old Powwah knelt to tell
The tidings to the white man's God!
The next day came—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a fearful pain,
He did not take his hunting-bow—
He never sought the woods again!

He died even as the white man died;
 My mother, she was smitten too;
 My sisters vanished from my side,
 Like diamonds from the sunlit dew.
 And then we heard the Powwahs say
 That God had sent his angel forth
 To sweep our ancient tribes away,
 And poison and unpeople Earth.

And it was so: from day to day
 The spirit of the Plague went on—
 And those at morning blithe and gay
 Were dying at the set of sun.
 They died—our free, bold hunters died—
 The living might not give them graves,
 Save when along the water-side
 They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion crow, the ravenous beast,
 Turned loathing from the ghastly dead;
 Well might they shun the funeral feast
 By that destroying angel spread!
 One after one the red men fell,
 Our gallant war-tribe passed away,
 And I alone am left to tell
 The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf,
 Yet clinging to its naked bough;
 The pale race scorn the aged chief,
 And I will join my fathers now.
 The spirits of my people bend
 At midnight from the solemn West,
 To me their kindly arms extend,
 To call me to their home of rest!

DARKNESS.

Lord Byron.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
 Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
 Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth

Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownéd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons: cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face.
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope was all the world contained:
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded; and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men, by their despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild birds
shrieked
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men

Died; and their bones were tombless as their flesh
The meager by the meager were devoured.
Even dogs assailed their masters,—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead .
Lured their lank jaws: himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

The crowd was famished by degrees. But two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage. They raked up,
And, shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands
The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery. Then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died;
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

The world was void:

The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless:
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped
They slept on the abyss, without a surge,—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe.

VALUABLE HINTS FOR STUDENTS.

Todd.

The human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite mind with which we are acquainted. It is created and placed in this world to be educated for a higher state of existence. Here its faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies, which are to bear it forward to unending ages, begin to discover themselves. The object of training such a mind should be, to enable the soul to fulfill her duties well, here, and to stand on high vantage-ground, when she leaves this cradle of her being, an eternal existence beyond the grave.

Most students need encouragement to sustain, instruction to aid, and directions to guide them. Few, probably, ever accomplish any thing like as much as they expected or ought; and it is thought one reason is, that they waste a vast amount of time in acquiring that experience which they need.

The reader will please bear in mind, that the only object here contemplated is, to throw out such hints and cautions, and to give such specific directions, as will aid him to become all that the fond hopes of his friends anticipate, and all that his own heart ought to desire. Doubtless, multitudes are now in the process of education, who will never reach any tolerable standard of excellence. Probably some never could; but in most cases, they might. The exceptions are few. In most cases young men do feel a desire, more or less strong, of fitting themselves for respectability and usefulness.

You may converse with any man, however distinguished for attainments, or habits of applications, or power of using what he knows, and he will sigh over the remembrance of the past, and tell you, that there have been many fragments of time which he has wasted, and many opportunities which he has lost forever. If he had only seized upon the fleeting advantages, and gathered up the fragments of time, he might have pushed his researches out into new fields, and, like the immortal Bacon, have amassed vast stores of knowledge.

The mighty minds that have gone before us, have left treasures for our inheritance; and the choicest gold is to be had for the digging. Hence, all that you ever have, must be

the result of labor—hard, untiring labor. You have friends to cheer you on; you have books and teachers to aid you, and multitudes of helps. But, after all, disciplining and educating your mind, must be your own work. No one can do this but yourself; and nothing in this world is of any worth, which has not labor and toil as its price.

The first and great object of education is, to discipline the mind. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies. He who can do this, has mastered many and great difficulties; and he who cannot do it, will in vain look for success in any department of study. To effect any purpose of study, the mind must be concentrated. Patience, too, is a virtue, kindred to attention; and without it, the mind cannot be said to be disciplined. Patient labor and investigation are not only essential to success in study, but are an unfailing guarantee to success.

In addition to attention and patient perseverance, the student should learn to think and act for himself. True originality consists in doing things well, and doing them in our way. A mind, half-educated, is generally imitating others; and no man was ever great by imitation. Let it therefore be remembered, that we cannot copy greatness or goodness by any effort. We must acquire them, if ever attained, by our own patience and diligence.

Students are also in danger of neglecting the memory. This is a faculty of mind too valuable to be neglected; for by it wonders are sometimes accomplished. He who has a memory, that can seize with an iron grasp, and retain what he reads,—the ideas, simply, without the language, and judgment to compare and balance,—will scarcely fail of being distinguished. Why has that mass of thought, observation, and experience, which is embodied in books by the multitude of minds which have gone before us, been gathered, if not that we may use it, and stand on high ground and push our way still further into the boundless regions of knowledge? Memory is the grand store-house of the mind, capable both of vast improvement and enlarged capacity in proportion as it is properly cultivated.

HERVÉ RIEL.

Robert Browning.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France !
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.
'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-
freville,
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
“ Help the winners of a race !
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker
still,
Here's the English can and will ! ”
Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on
board;
“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass ? ” laughed they;
“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at fall beside ?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ! Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”
Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate;
“ Here's the English at our heels; would you have them
take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth sound ?—
Better run the ships aground ! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech),
 "Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.
 Give the word!"—But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
 these—
 A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
 fleet—
 A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
 And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé
 Riel;
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools
 or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
 tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river dis-
 embogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
 fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's
 a way!
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor, past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave—
 Keel so much as grate the ground—
 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries
 Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait!

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!

He is admiral, in brief."

Still the north wind, by God's grace;

See the noble fellows face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock!

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,

Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève;

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for hell!

Let France, let France's king,

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes—

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard;
 Praise is deeper than the lips,
 You have saved the king his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Dam-
 freville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.
 Name and deed alike are lost;
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell:
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank;
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle
 Aurore!

HANNIBAL TO HIS ARMY.

Abridgment from Livy.

Here, soldiers, you must either conquer or die! On the right and left two seas inclose you, and you have no ship to fly to for escape. The river Po around you—the Po, larger and more impetuous than the Rhone—the Alps behind, scarcely passed by you when fresh and vigorous, hem you in. Here Fortune has granted you the termination of your labors; here she will bestow a reward worthy of the service you have undergone. All the spoils that Rome has amassed by so many triumphs will be yours. Think not that, in proportion as this war is great in name, the victory will be difficult. From the Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the remotest limits of the world, over mountains and rivers, you have advanced victorious through the fiercest nations of Gaul and Spain. And with whom are you now to fight? With a raw army, which this very summer was beaten, conquered, and surrounded! an army unknown to their leader and he to them! Shall I compare myself, almost born and certainly bred in the tent of my father, that illustrious commander—myself, the conqueror not only of the Alpine Nations but of the Alps themselves—myself, who was the pupil of you all before I became your commander—to this six months general? or shall I compare *his* army with *mine*?

On what side soever I turn my eyes I behold, all full of courage and strength, a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, our allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause but the justest anger impels to battle. The valor, the confidence of invaders are ever greater than those of the defensive party. As the assailants in this war, we pour down, with hostile standards, upon Italy. We bring the war. Suffering, injury, and indignity fire our minds. First they demanded me, your leader, for punishment; and then all of you, who had laid siege to Saguntum. And, had we been given up, they would have visited us with the severest tortures. Cruel and haughty nation! Everything must be *yours*, and at *your* disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall have war, with whom peace! You are to shut us up by the boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we must

not pass ! But you—*you* are not to observe the limits yourselves have appointed ! “Pass not the Iberus !” What next ! “Saguntum is on the Iberus. You must not move a step in any direction !” Is it a small thing that you have deprived us of our most ancient provinces, Sicily and Sardinia ? Will you take Spain also ? Should we yield Spain, you will cross over into Africa. *Will* cross, did I say ? They have sent the two Consuls of this year, one to Africa, the other to Spain.

Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon : whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country will receive. There is a necessity for *us* to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death ! and, if it must be *death*, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight ? The immortal gods could give no stronger incentive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again, I proclaim, you are conquerors !

THE CONTRAST : OR PEACE AND WAR.

London Athenæum.

PEACE.

Lovely art thou, O Peace ! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage ; the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty : the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

White houses peep through the trees ; cattle stand cooling in the pool ; the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honeysuckle ; the stately greenhouse exhales the perfume of summer climates.

Children climb the green mound of the rampart, and ivy holds together the half-demolished buttress.

The old men sit at their doors ; the gossip leans over her counter ; the children shout and frolic in the streets.

The housewife's stores of bleached linen, whiter than

snow, are laid up with fragrant herbs ; they are the pride of the matron, the toil of many a winter's night.

The wares of the merchant are spread abroad in the shops, or stored in the high-piled warehouses ; the labor of each profits all ; the inhabitant of the north drinks the fragrant herb of China ; the peasant's child wears the webs of Hindostan.

The lame, the blind, and the aged repose in hospitals : the rich, softened by prosperity, pity the poor ; the poor, disciplined into order, respect the rich.

Justice is dispensed to all. Law sits steady on her throne, and the sword is her servant.

WAR.

They have rushed through like a hurricane ; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth ; the war has fallen like a water-spout, and deluged the land with blood.

The smoke rises not through the trees, for the honors of the grove are fallen, and the hearth of the cottager is cold ; but it rises from villages burned with fire, and from warm ruins spread over the now naked plain.

The ear is filled with the confused bellowing of oxen, and sad bleating of overdriven sheep ; they are swept from their peaceful plains ; with shouting and goading are they driven away : the peasant folds his arms, and resigns his faithful fellow-laborers.

The farmer weeps over his barns consumed by fire, and his demolished roof, and anticipates the driving of the winter snows.

On that rising ground, where the green turf looks black with fire, yesterday stood a noble mansion ; the owner had said in his heart : " Here will I spend the evening of my days, and enjoy the fruit of my years of toil ; my name shall descend with mine inheritance, and my children's children shall sport under the trees which I have planted." The fruit of his years of toil is swept away in a moment ; wasted, not enjoyed ; and the evening of his days is left desolate.

The temples are profaned ; the soldier's curse resounds in the house of God ; the marble pavement is trampled by iron hoofs ; horses neigh beside the altar.

Law and order are forgotten ; violence and rapine are abroad ; the golden cords of society are loosed.

Here are the shriek of woe and the cry of anguish ; and there is suppressed indignation bursting the heart with silent despair.

The groans of the wounded are in the hospitals, and by the roadside, and in every thicket ; and the housewife's web, whiter than snow, is scarcely sufficient to stanch the blood of her husband and children. Look at that youth, the first-born of her strength ; yesterday he bounded as the roebuck ; was glowing as the summer fruits ; active in sports, strong to labor ; he has passed in one moment from youth to age ; his comeliness is departed ; helplessness is his portion for the days of future years. He is more decrepit than his grandsire, on whose head are the snows of eighty winters ; but those were the snows of nature ; this is the desolation of man.

Everything unholy and unclean comes abroad from its lurking-place, and deeds of darkness are done beneath the eye of day. The villagers no longer start at horrible sights ; the soothing rites of burial are denied, and human bones are tossed by human hands.

No one careth for another ; every one, hardened by misery, careth for himself alone.

Lo, these are what God has set before thee, child of reason ! son of woman ! unto which does thine heart incline ?

HOHENLINDEN.

Thomas Campbell.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

Edward Everett.

What citizen of our republic does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there?

Who does not remember that, when the pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the stars of hope should go up in the western skies ! And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne ?

No ; for myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat ; to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is as music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions under which I have been brought up. I wander, delighted, through a thousand scenes which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers ; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land,—rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth ; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the West.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The scepter, the miter, and the coronet—stars, garters, and blue ribbons—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe, her navies overshadowing the ocean, nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause

why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections.

But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted ; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed ; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue ; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrim. It is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

Lord Chatham.

I rise, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove, but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do ; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty.

But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no further. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment ! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us

in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my Lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this house, the hereditary council of the Crown. Who is the minister—where is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the Throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the Throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the Crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! but the Crown, from itself and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my Lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation! Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt? “But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now none so poor to do her reverence.” I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

France, my Lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and

ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies, are in Paris ; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult ? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace ? Do they dare to resent it ? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America ? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England !

The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies ; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility—this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy ! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom ? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who “but yesterday” gave law to the house of Bourbon ? My Lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. I love and honor the English troops. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.

You cannot, I venture to say, you cannot conquer America. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected ; and what was it ? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general (Lord Amherst), now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there ? We do not know the worst ; but we know that in three campaigns, we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps

total loss of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distinct plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible.

You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign despot ; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty ! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

William Ellery Channing.

What a contrast does the present form with past times ! Not many ages ago the nation was the property of one man, and all its interests were staked in perpetual games of war, for no end but to build up his family, or to bring new territories under his yoke. Society was divided into two classes, the high-born and the vulgar, separated from each other by a great gulf, as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no significance as individuals, but formed a mass, a machine, to be wielded at pleasure by their lords. In war, which was the great sport of the times, those brave knights, of whose prowess we hear, cased themselves and their horses in armor, so as to be almost invulnerable, while the common people on foot, were left, without protection, to be hewn in pieces or trampled down by their betters.

Who, that compares the condition of Europe a few years

ago, with the present state of the world, but must bless God for the change. The grand distinction of modern times, is the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion among them of the means of improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the state, the power of the people. And it is worthy of remark, that this revolution is due in a great degree to religion, which, in the hands of the crafty and aspiring, had bowed the multitude to the dust, but which, in the fullness of time, began to fulfill its mission of freedom.

It was religion, which, by teaching men their near relation to God, awakened in them the consciousness of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights, which opened men's eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation, which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion, which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It was religion, which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power, which braced the spirits of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness, and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.

Let us thank God for what has been gained. But let us not think everything gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race. How much remains to be *done*! What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost!

When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand, that to raise the depressed, by a wise culture, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us, that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt!

I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people, of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them: You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an

impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are, merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. Do not be lulled to sleep by the flatteries which you hear, as if your participation in the national sovereignty made you equal to the noblest of your race. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied ; and the remedy lies, not in the ballot-box, not in the exercise of your political powers, but in the faithful education of yourselves and your children. These truths you have often heard and slept over. Awake ! Resolve earnestly on self-culture. Make yourselves worthy of your free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by your intelligence and your virtues.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

Ossian.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a companion of thy course ? The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O son, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines

through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Lord Byron.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, ye cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts :— not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror,—'t was a pleasing fear ;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Charles Sprague.

Behold ! they come—those sainted forms,
 Unshaken through the strife of storms ;
 Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
 And earth puts on its rudest frown ;
 But colder, ruder, was the hand
 That drove them from their own fair land ;
 Their own fair land—Refinement's chosen seat,
 Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat,
 By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
 For all, but gentle Charity, renowned.
 With streaming eye yet steadfast heart,
 Even from that land they dared to part,
 And burst each tender tie,—

Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed,
Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die.
Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned,
Their fathers' hallowed graves,
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

When Israel's race from bondage fled,
Signs from on high the wanderers led ;
But here—Heaven hung no symbol here,
Their steps to guide, *their* souls to cheer ;
They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,
Nought but the fagot's guilty light ;
The cloud they gazed at was the smoke
That round their murdered brethren broke.
A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom,
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb.

They come ;—that coming who shall tell ?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise.
We hear the after-shout that rings
For them who smote the power of kings :
The swelling triumph all would share,
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and woe
That wait the unsuccessful blow ?
It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,
When we are in the tomb ;
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam.
And tread a shore of gloom,—
Knew we those waves, through coming time,
Should roll our names to every clime ;
Felt we that millions on that shore
Should stand, our memory to adore.
But no glad vision burst in light
Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight ;

Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled ;
Deep shadows veiled the way they held ;
The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
Their monument, a grave without a name.
Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand
On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
To meet Fate's rudest shock.

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue e'er woke such prayer
As bursts in desolation there ?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
As waits to crown that feeble hour ?
There into life an infant empire springs !
There falls the iron from the soul ;
There Liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings !
To fair creation's farthest bound
That thrilling summons yet shall sound ;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their center earth's old kingdoms shake ;
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day.
Before the loftier throne of Heaven
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,—
That monarch, God ; that creed, His word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear ;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell ?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshipers of vulgar triumph dwell ;
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind—
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind ?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and savage wrath,
To dedicate a shore,

Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
 And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow ;
 Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come,
 And set up there an everlasting home ?

O many a time it hath been told,
 The story of these men of old :
 For this fair Poetry hath wreathed
 Her sweetest, purest flower ;
 For this proud Eloquence hath breathed
 His strain of loftiest power ;
 Devotion, too, hath lingered round
 Each spot of consecrated ground,
 And hill and valley blessed—
 There, where our banished fathers strayed,
 There, where they loved and wept and prayed,
 There, where their ashes rest,—
 And never may they rest unsung,
 While Liberty can find a tongue.
 Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them
 More deathless than the diadem,
 Who, to life's noblest end,
 Gave up life's noblest powers,
 And bade the legacy descend
 Down, down to us and ours.

THE SHIPWRECK.

John Wilson.

Her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
 Majestically calm, would go,
 'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow !
 But gentler now the small waves glide
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side ;
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse forever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
 —Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last.
 Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck ;

And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.
Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death ;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed ;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ;
The whole ship's crew are there :
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.
Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air ;
The ship hath melted quite away,

Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye,
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapor dull
 Bedims the waves so beautiful ;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Thomas Campbell.

[SEER, LOCHIEL.]

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
 They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown ;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
 O weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
 Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling
 seer ;

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

SEER. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn :
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo ! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;

But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah, home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie that beacon the darkness of heaven.
O, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood !

LOCHIEL. False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshaled my
clan ;

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clan Ranald the dauntless and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo, anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path !
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests and cover his flight !
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah, no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;

His death-bell is tolling ; O, mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL. Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

William Edmondstone Aytoun.

Come hither, Evan Cameron ! Come, stand beside my knee.
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea ;
'There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war within
the blast,

Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past ;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of flight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's
snow,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with
Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad clay-
more,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's
shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lind-
say's pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis
died !

A traitor sold him to his foes ; O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's
name—

Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by arméd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy
sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the catiff
down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with
hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.
They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble
brow :
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered—the
common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass
along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great
and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,—
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his
breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with
death.
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and
wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the
slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailéd
men—
Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backwards
then !
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free
as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him
there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn
hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their
nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate
before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous
doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the
room.

Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above
us there—

Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and oh, that such should
be! —

By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and
me,—

I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing
down,

And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy
town:

The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was
come,

Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see
him die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! Hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll—
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder—the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the
dazzling day.

He is coming! he is coming!—Like a bridegroom from his
room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.

There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in
his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die :
There was color in his visage though the cheeks of all were
wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and
goodly man !

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the
shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to
heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thun-
der roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan !
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was
done !

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

William Cullen Bryant.

Here are old trees—tall oaks and gnarled pines—
That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dreamt,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand

Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain ; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands ;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou, by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear ; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.

O, not yet
 Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
 Thy sword ; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
 In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps,
 And thou must watch and combat till the day
 Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
 Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
 These old and friendly solitudes invite
 Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
 Were young upon the unviolated earth,
 And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
 Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
 Who is losing ? who is winning ? are they far or come they
 near ?
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
 hear.

" Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls ;
 Blood is flowing, men are dying ; God have mercy on their
 souls ! "
 Who is losing ? who is winning ?—" Over hill and over plain,
 I see but smoke of cannon, clouding through the mountain
 rain."

Holy Mother ! keep our brothers ! Look, Ximena, look once
 more :
 " Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
 Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot
 and horse,
 Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
 mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena ! " Ah ! the smoke has rolled
 away ;
 And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of
 gray.

Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles ! there the troop of
Minon wheels :

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their
heels.

“ Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now retreat and now ad-
vance !

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging
lance !

Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and foot
together fall ;

Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the
Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and fright-
ful on.

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has
won ?

“ Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe together fall ;
O'er the dying rush the living ; pray, my sisters, for them
all !

“ Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting ; Blessed Mother, save
my brain !

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they fall and
strive to rise ;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
our eyes !

“ Oh, my heart's love ! oh, my dear one ! lay thy poor head
on my knee ;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou hear
me ? Canst thou see ?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle ! oh, my Bernard, look
once more !

On the blessed cross before thee ! mercy ! mercy ! all is o'er.”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one down to
rest ;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast ;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said ;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier
lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his
life away ;
But as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away her
head ;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead ;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and
faintly smiled.
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did she watch beside
her child ?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart sup-
plied ;
With her kiss upon his forehead, " Mother," murmured he,
and died.

" A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely, in the
North ! "
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her
dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which
bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! " Like a cloud before the
wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind ;
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the dust the wounded
strive ;
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O, thou Christ of God,
forgive ! "

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool, gray
shadows fall ;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all !
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint
and lacking food ;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil world of ours ;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers ;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

Do not lift him from the bracken, leave him lying where he
fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion : none beseems him half so
well
As the bare and broken heather, and the hard and trampled
sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended to the judgment-seat of
God !
Winding-sheet we cannot give him—seek no mantle for the
dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering showered from heaven
upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it, rent and broken with
the blow

That, before he died, avenged him on the foremost of the
foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom—wash not off that sacred
stain ;
Let it stiffen on the tartan, let his wounds unclosed
remain,
Till the day when he shall show them at the throne of God
on high,
When the murderer and the murdered meet before their
Judge's eye.
Nay—ye should not weep, my children ! leave it to the
faint and weak ;
Sobs are but a woman's weapons—tears befit a maiden's
cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald ! weep not thou, his
orphan heir ;
Not in shame, but stainless honor, lies thy slaughtered
father there.
Weep not—but when years are over, and thine arm is strong
and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady on the mountains and the
muir,
Let thy heart be hard as iron, and thy wrath as fierce as
fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh for the race that slew
thy sire !
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon rise a louder shriek of
woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyrie, scared the eagles of
Glencoe ;
Louder than the screams that mingled with the howling of
the blast,
When the murderers' steel was clashing, and the fires were
rising fast ;
When thy noble father bounded to the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred pealed throughout the
startled glen ;
When the herd of frantic women stumbled through the mid-
night snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing, and their dearest dead
below !
Oh, the horror of the tempest, as the flashing drift was
blown,

Crimsoned with the conflagration, and the roofs went thundering down !

Oh, the prayers, the prayers and curses, that together winged their flight

From the maddened hearts of many, through that long and wœful night !—

Till the fires began to dwindle, and the shots grew faint and few,

And we heard the foeman's challenge only in a far halloo :
Till the silence once more settled o'er the gorges of the glen,

Broken only by the Cona plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit was the drifting veil withdrawn,

And the ghastly valley glimmered in the gray December dawn.

Better had the morning never dawned upon our dark despair !

Black amidst the common whiteness rose the spectral ruins there :

But the sight of these was nothing more than wrings the wild dove's breast,

When she searches for her offspring round the relics of her nest.

For in many a spot the tartan peered above the wintry heap,

Marking where a dead Macdonald lay within his frozen sleep.

Tremblingly we scooped the covering from each kindred victim's head,

And the living lips were burning on the cold ones of the dead.

And I left them with their dearest—the dearest charge had every one—

Left the maiden with her lover, left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless—far more wretched I than they.
For the snow would not discover where my lord and husband lay.

But I wandered up the valley, till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom, and the frown upon his brow—

Till I found him lying murdered where he wooed me long ago !

Woman's weakness shall not shame me—why should I have
tears to shed ?
Could I rain them down like water, O my hero ! on thy
head—
Could the cry of lamentation wake thee from thy silent
sleep,
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing, it were mine to wail and
weep !
But I will not waste my sorrow, lest the Campbell women
say
That the daughters of Clanranald are as weak and frail as
they.
I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen, like our fathers, on thy
shield,
When a host of English foemen camped upon a Scottish
field—
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished with the foremost
of his name,
When the valiant and the noble died around the dauntless
Græme !
But I will not wrong thee, husband, with my unavailing
cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body, stricken by the traitor,
lies ;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory that this hideous night
has won,
And his heart is big with triumph at the murder he has
done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten, other hearts be rent in
twain,
Ere the heath-bells on thy hillock wither in the autumn
rain.
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest, and I'll veil my
weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee, dearer than my bridal-bed :
And I'll give thee tears, my husband, if the tears remain to
me,
When the widows of the foeman cry the coronach for
thee !

THE INDIANS.

Charles Sprague.

Yet while, by life's endearments crowned,
To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise
The voice of gratitude and praise,
Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas, alas for them!—those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands.
Our fathers called them savage,—them, whose bread,
In the dark hour those famished fathers fed.

We call them savage. O, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth,—'tis from the dust,—
The savage was a man!
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye,—
The savage had a heart!
Think ye he prayed not? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul!

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead.
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to Nature for a creed.
Beneath the pillared dome,
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshiped there.
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom,—the self-same freedom we adore,—
Bade him defend his violated shore.
He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
And burst upon his hills in woe;

He saw his people withering by,
Beneath the invader's evil eye ;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones ;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight ; .
To tiger-rage his soul was driven ;
Mercy was not, or sought, or given ;
The pale man from his lands must fly,—
He would be free, or he would die.
Alas for them !—their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore ;
No more for them the wild deer bounds ;
The plow is on their hunting grounds ;
The pale man's ax rings through their woods ;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods ;
Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children,—look ! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go—to die !

O, doubly lost ! Oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet ;
There sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night ;
There time-crowned columns stand on high,
To tell of them who cannot die ;
Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace
To save his own, or serve another race ;
With his frail breath his power has passed away ;
His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay ;
Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page,
Shall link him to a future age,
Or give him with the past a rank ;
His heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and woe,—
His very name must be a blank.

Cold, with the beast he slew he sleeps ;
O'er him no filial spirit weeps ;
No crowds throng round, no anthem notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end ;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue ;
By foes alone his death-song must be sung :
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times ;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.

AMERICAN LABORERS.

C. Naylor.

The gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the northern laborers ! Who are the northern laborers ? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer ; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove ; calmed the troubled ocean ; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world ; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor ; who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in molding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of " recorded time " ? Who, sir, I ask, was he ? A northern laborer,—a Yankee tallow-chandler's son,—a printer's runaway boy !

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a northern army,—yes, an army of northern laborers,—and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defense against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders ? Who was he ?

A northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith,—the gallant General Greene,—who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence ! And will you preach insurrection to men like these ?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of northern laborers ! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North ? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of northern laborers ? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of northern laborers ! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these !

The fortitude of the men of the North, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost godlike ! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter,—the midnight of our Revolution,—whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow ; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect ; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed ? Who, sir, were these men ? Why, northern laborers !—yes, sir, northern laborers ! Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and—but it is idle to enumerate. To name the northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this House. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire !

HYMN OF PRAISE BY ADAM AND EVE.

John Milton.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
And when high noon hast gained ; and when thou fallest,
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth and stately tread or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made local by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

Campbell.

Again to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
It hath been, and shall yet be, the land of the free ;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ? what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances,
Are stretched in our aid ?—Be the combat our own !
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone !
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not :
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not :
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us ;
But they shall not to slavery doom us.
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves :
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us :
To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story ;
Or brighten your lives with its glory ?
Our women—Oh ! say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair ?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be who would slacken

Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
 Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion !
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
 Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold, and extinguished in sadness ;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving
 arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,—
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens !

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

Hood.

Thou happy, happy elf !
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
 Thou tiny image of myself !
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear)—
 Thou merry, laughing sprite !
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
 (Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
 (The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
 Thou darling of thy sire !
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(stop the boy !
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth !
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls his tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic love !
(He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table—that's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of drawing life,
(He's got a knife !)
Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky forseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John !
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, nipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

THE PASSIONS.

William Collins.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined :
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid :
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds !—his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O-Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song :

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
And, now it courted Love ; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing),
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung !—

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

EXTRACT FROM RIENZI.

Mary Russell Mitford.

And dar'est thou to me of brothers ? Thou,
Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own just laws,
To save thy brother ? thine ! Hast thou forgotten
When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou—didst never
Hear talk of retribution ! This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge ! Mark well, my lords—
Pure, equal justice. Martin Orsini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,
And he shall die ! Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,

Prelates, and potentates of Christendom—
 The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
 And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
 For this great robber, still I should be blind
 As justice. But this very day, a wife,
 One infant folded in her arms, and two
 Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
 Her squalid form, grasped at my bridle-rein
 To beg her husband's life—condemned to die
 For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi—
 And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and reared,
 Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
 There, midst the dangerous coil unmoved, she stood,
 Pleading in broken words and piercing shrieks,
 And hoarse, low, shivering sobs, the very cry
 Of nature ! And, when I at last said no,—
 For I said no to her,—she flung herself
 And those poor innocent babes between the stones
 And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all—
 Thank heaven, we saved them all ! but I said no
 To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
 Ask me for mercy now.

TACT AND TALENT.

London Atlas.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable ; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch ; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times ; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world ; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill ; talent is weight, tact is momentum ; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it ; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected ; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theater, and

put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact ; but they are seldom together : so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry ; it makes no false steps ; it hits the right nail on the head ; it loses no time ; it takes all hints ; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers ; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one ; talent gets a good name, tact a great one ; talent convinces, tact converts ; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way ; talent commands, tact is obeyed ; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes ; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship ; it wants no drilling ; it never ranks in the awkward squad ; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

Nicolai Karamsin.

FIRST VOICE.

How frightful the grave ! how deserted and drear !
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier
And the white bones all clattering together !

SECOND VOICE.

How peaceful the grave ! its quiet how deep :
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowrets perfume it with ether.

FIRST VOICE.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

SECOND VOICE.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb :
No tempests are there : but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

FIRST VOICE.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave :
'Tis the vulture's abode ; 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

SECOND VOICE.

There the cony at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod ; while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

FIRST VOICE.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death ;
The trees are all barren and bare !

SECOND VOICE.

O, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
 And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
 With lilies and jessamine fair.

FIRST VOICE.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
 Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
 He is launched on the wreck-covered river !

SECOND VOICE.

The traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
 Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
 And sweetly reposes forever.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

S. Ferguson.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged ; 'tis at a white heat
 now ;
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though on the
 forge's brow
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound ;
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
 there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
 heaves below,
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe ;
 It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow !
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright ; the high sun shines
 not so ;
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show :
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid
 row
 Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
 foe ;

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—

“Hurrah !” they shout, “leap out—leap out !” bang, bang,
the sledges go ;

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low ;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders
strow

The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains
flow :

And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
pant “Ho !”

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !

Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad ;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road ;

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea, the main-mast by the
board ;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains ;

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-
high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, “Fear nothing—
here am I !”

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time ;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime ;

But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the burden
be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we ;

Strike in, strike in ; the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red ;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
sped ;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
here,
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave away, and the sighing
seaman's cheer,
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and
home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep-
green sea !

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as
thou ?

The hoary monster's palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere
now

To go plump, plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn,

To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to
scorn ;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles

He lies a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles ;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves ; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undin  s love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea serpent, upon cerulean sands !
O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine ?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable
line ;

And night by night by 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
play ;

But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave ;
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but under-
stand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping
bend,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient
friend ;
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
around thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap with-
in the sea !

Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard
grave
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
O, thou our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among !

ALCESTIS AND PHERES.

Translated By Mrs. Hemans.

ALCESTIS. Weep thou no more. O monarch, dry thy
tears,
For know, he shall not die ; not now shall Fate
Bereave thee of thy son.

PERES. What mean thy words ?
Hath then Apollo—is there then a hope ?

ALCESTIS. Yes, hope for *thee*, hope, by thy voice pro-
nounced
From the prophetic cave. Nor would I yield
To other lips the tidings, meet alone
For thee to hear from mine.

PERES. But say, oh ! say,
Shall, then, my son be spared ?

ALCESTIS.

He shall, to *thee*.

Thus hath Apollo said,—Alcestis thus
 Confirms the oracle ; be thou secure.

PERES. O sounds of joy ! He lives !

ALCESTIS.

But not for this ;

Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger, joy,
 Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.

PERES. Can there be grief when from his bed of death,
 Admetus rises ? What deep mystery lurks
 Within thy words ? What mean'st thou ? Gracious heaven !
 Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who hearest
 The tidings of his safety, and dost bear
 Transport and life in that glad oracle
 To his despairing sire ; thy cheek is tinged
 With death, and on thy pure, ingenuous brow
 To the brief lightning of a sudden joy
 Shades dark as night succeed, and thou art wrapt
 In troubled silence. Speak ! oh ! speak !

ALCESTIS.

The gods

Themselves have limitations to their power,
 Impassable, eternal ; and their will
 Resists not the tremendous laws of fate :
 Nor small the boon they grant thee in the life
 Of thy restored Admetus.

PERES.

In thy looks

There is expression more than in thy words,
 Which thrills my shuddering heart. Declare what terms
 Can render fatal to thyself and us
 The rescued life of him thy soul adores ?

ALCESTIS. O, father ! could my silence aught avail
 To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,
 Still should it rest unheard till all fulfilled
 Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the wish ;
 And since too soon, too well, it must be known,
 Hear it from me.

PERES.

Through all my curdling veins

Runs a cold, death-like horror ; and I feel
 I am not all a father. In my heart
 Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,
 O fair and high-souled consort of my son !
 More than a daughter ; and thine infant race,
 The cherished hope and glory of my age ;
 And, unimpaired by time, within my breast

High, holy, and unalterable love
 For her, the partner of my cares and joys,
 Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink thee, then,
 In what suspense, what agony of fear,
 I wait thy words ; for well, too well, I see
 Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries
 To some one of my race.

ALCESTIS. Death hath his rights,
 Of which not e'en the great Supernal Powers
 May hope to rob him. By his ruthless hand,
 Already seized, the noble victim lay,
 The heir of empire, in his glowing prime
 And noon-day struck ; Admetus, the revered,
 The blessed, the loved, by all who owned his sway,
 By his illustrious parents, by the realms
 Surrounding his,—and oh ! what need to add,
 How much by his Alcestis ! Such was he,
 Already in the unsparing grasp of death,
 Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence
 Hath snatched him, and another in his stead,
 Although not an equal,—(who can equal him ?)—
 Must fall a voluntary sacrifice
 Another of his lineage, or to him
 By closest bonds united, must descend
 To the dark realm of Orcus in *his* place,
 Who thus alone is saved.

PERES. What do I hear ?
 Woe to us, woe !—what victim ?—who shall be
 Accepted in his stead ?

ALCESTIS. The dread exchange
 E'en now, O father ! hath been made ; the prey
 Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him
 For whom 'tis freely offered. Nor wilt thou,
 O mighty goddess of the infernal shades !
 Whose image sanctifies this threshold floor,
 Disdain the victim.

PERES. All prepared the prey !
 And to our blood allied ! O heaven !—and yet
 Thou bad'st me weep no more !

ALCESTIS. Yes, thus I said,
 And thus again I say,—thou shalt not weep
 Thy son's, nor I deplore my husband's doom.
 Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe,

Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be heard,
 Than those *his* death had caused. With some few tears,
 But brief, and mingled with a gleam of joy,
 E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,
 The victim shall be honored, who resigned
 Life for Admetus. Wouldst thou know the prey,—
 The vowed, the willing, the devoted one.
 Offered and hallowed to the infernal gods?
 Father! 'tis I.

PERES. What hast thou done? O heaven!
 What hast thou done? And think'st thou he is saved
 By such a compact? Think'st thou he can live
 Bereft of thee? Of thee, his light of life,
 His very soul!—Of thee, beloved far more,
 Than his loved parents,—than his children more,
 More than himself!—Oh! no, it shall not be!
Thou perish, O Alcestis! in the flower
 Of thy young beauty; perish, and destroy
 Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,
 Who as a child adore thee! Desolate
 Would be the throne, the kingdom, reft of thee.
 And think'st thou not of those, whose tender years
 Demand thy care?—thy children! think of them!
 O thou, the source of each domestic joy,—
 Thou in whose life alone Admetus lives,—
 His glory, his delight,—thou shalt not die,
 While I can die for thee!—Me, me alone,
 The oracle demands,—a withered stem,
 Whose task, whose duty is for him to die.
 My race is run; the fullness of my years,
 The faded hopes of age, and all the love
 Which hath its dwelling in a father's heart,
 And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,
 Inspired by thee, whose youth with heavenly gifts
 So richly is endowed,—all, all unite
 To grave in adamant the just decree,
 That I must die. But thou—I bid thee live!
 Pheres commands thee, O Alcestis! live!
 Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love surpass
 An aged sire's devotedness.

ALCESTIS. I know
 Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love;
 Pheres, I know them well, and not in vain

And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house,—forget it not, I pray you,
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family ;
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not
He, who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, " Beware ! " her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth.
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ,
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestors—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture ; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent father ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come—the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
“ ’Tis but to make a trial of our love ! ”
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
’Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not !

Wearied of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
’Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed ; and ’twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”
’Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst—it fell—and lo ! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding-ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name,—the name of both,—
“Ginevra.”

—There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever !

HOME.

James Montgomery.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside :
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth ;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,
“Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around !
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home !
 —Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION.

Edward George Earle Bulwer.

RICHELIEU. Room, my Lords, room ! The minister of
 France
 Can need no intercession with the King.

[*They fall back.*]

LOUIS. What means this false report of death, Lord
 Cardinal ?

RICHELIEU. Are you then angered, sire, that I live still ?

LOUIS. No ; but such artifice—

RICHELIEU. Not mine :—look elsewhere !

Louis—my castle swarmed with the assassins.

BARADAS [*advancing*]. We have punished them already.
 Huguet is now

In the Bastile. Oh ! my Lord, *we* were prompt
 To avenge you—*we* were—

RICHELIEU. We ? Ha ! ha ! you hear,
 My liege ! What page, man, in the last court grammar
 Made you a plural ? Count, you have seized the *hireling* :
 Sire, shall I name the *master* ?

LOUIS. Tush ! my Lord,
 The old contrivance :—ever does your wit
 Invent assassins,—that ambition may
 Slay rivals—

RICHELIEU. Rivals, sire ! in what ?
 Service to France ? *I have none !* Lives the man
 Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
 Rival to Armand Richelieu ?

LOUIS. What ! so haughty !
 Remember he who made can unmake.

RICHELIEU.

Never !

Never ! Your anger can recall your trust,
 Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
 Rattle my coffers,—but my name—my deeds,
 Are royal in a land beyond your scepter !
 Pass sentence on me, if you will ; from Kings,
 Lo, I appeal to Time ! Be just, my liege—
 I found your kingdom rent with heresies
 And bristling with rebellion ; lawless nobles
 And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord :
 Austria—her clutch on your dominion ; Spain
 Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
 To armed thunder-bolts. The Arts lay dead,
 Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,
 Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
 Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you, sole,
 Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
 From Ganges to the Icebergs : Look without ;
 No foe not humbled ! Look within ; the Arts
 Quit for your schools their old Hesperides—
 The golden Italy ! while through the veins
 Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides,
 Trade, the calm health of nations !

Sire, I know

Your smoother courtiers please you best—nor measure
 Myself with them, yet sometimes I would doubt
 If statesmen, rocked and dandled into power,
 Could leave such legacies to kings !

[*Louis appears irresolute.*]

BARADAS [*passing him, whispers*]. But Julie,
 Shall I not summon her to court.

LOUIS [*motions to Baradas, and turns haughtily to the Cardinal*]. Enough !

Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.
 To your own palace : For our conference this
 Nor place—nor season.

RICHELIEU. Good my liege ! for *Justice*
 All place a temple, and all season, summer !
 Do you deny me justice ? Saints of heaven,
 He turns from me ! *Do you deny me justice ?*
 For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt empire,
 The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—
 The very leper shrinking from the sun,

Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice !
 Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
 Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes—
 Kneeling for *favours* ; but, erect and loud,
 As men who ask man's rights ! my liege, my Lord,
 Do you refuse me justice—audience even—
 In the pale presence of the baffled Murther ?

LOUIS. Lord Cardinal—one by one you have severed
 from me

The bonds of human love. All near and dear
 Marked out for vengeance—exile, or the scaffold.
 You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
 My closest kindred ; you would tear them from me ;
 They would murder *you*, forsooth, since *me* they love.
 Enough of plots and treasons for one reign !
 Home ! Home ! and sleep away these phantoms !

RICHELIEU. Sire !

I—patience, heaven ! sweet heaven ! Sire, from the foot
 Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft
 On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
 And worshiped by their awe—before the foot
 Of that high throne—spurn you the gray-haired man,
 Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety !

LOUIS. No : when we see your Eminence in truth
 At the *foot* of the throne—we'll listen to you.

THE RISING OF THE VENDEE.

George Croly.

It was a Sabbath morning, and sweet the summer air,
 And brightly shone the summer sun upon the day of prayer,
 And silver sweet the village bells o'er mount and valley
 tolled,
 And in the church of St. Florent were gathered young and
 old—
 When rushing down the woodland hill, in fiery haste was
 seen,
 With panting steed and bloody spur, a noble Angevine ;
 And bounding on the sacred floor, he gave his fearful cry :
 “ Up ! up for France ! the time is come for France to live
 or die !

“ Your queen is in the dungeon ; your king is in his gore ;
O'er Paris waves the flag of death, the fiery Tricolor ;
Your nobles in their ancient halls are hunted down and slain ;
In convent cells and holy shrines the blood is poured like
rain ;

The peasant's vine is rooted up, his cottage given to flame ;
His son is to the scaffold sent, his daughter sent to shame.
With torch in hand and hate in heart, the rebel host is nigh.
Up ! up for France ! the time is come for France to live
or die ! ”

That live-long night the horn was heard from Orleans to
Anjou,

And poured from all their quiet fields our shepherds bold
and true.

Along the pleasant banks of Loire shot up the beacon-fires,
And many a torch was blazing bright on Luçon's stately
spires ;

The midnight cloud was flushed with flame, that hung o'er
Parthenay ;

The blaze that shone o'er proud Brissac was like the break-
ing day,

Till east, and west, and north, and south, the loyal beacons
shone,

Like shooting stars from haughty Nantes to sea-begirt
Olonne.

And through the night, on horse and foot, the sleepless
summons flew,

And morning saw the Lily-flag wide-waving o'er Poitou.

And many an ancient musketoon was taken from the wall,
And many a jovial hunter's steed was harnessed in the
stall,

And many a noble's armory gave up the sword and spear,
And many a bride, and many a babe, was left with kiss and
tear,

And many a homely peasant bade farewell to his old dame,
As in the days when France's king unfurled the Oriflamme.

There, leading his bold marksmen, rode the eagle-eyed
Lescure,

And dark Stofflet, who flies to fight as an eagle to his lure ;

And fearless as the lion roused, but gentle as the lamb,
Came marching at his people's head the great and good
Bonchamp ;
Charette, where honor was the prize, the hero sure to
win ;
And there, with Henri Quatre's plume, young la Rochejac-
quelein ;
And there, in peasant garb and speech,—the terror of the
foe,—
A noble, made by Heaven's own hand, the great Cathe-
lineau.

We marched by tens of thousands, we marched by day and
night,
The Lily-standard in our front, like Israel's holy light.
Around us rushed the rebels, as the wolf upon the
sheep,—
We burst upon their columns as a lion roused from
sleep ;
We tore their bayonets from their hands, we slew them at
their guns ;
Their boasted horsemen fled like chaff before our forest
sons.
That night we heaped their baggage high their lines of
dead between,
And in the center blazed to heaven their blood-dyed
guillotine !

In vain they hid their heads in walls ; we rushed on stout
Thouar ;
What cared we for shot or shell, for battlement or bar ?
We burst its gates ; then like a wind we rushed on Fon-
tenay ;
We saw its flag with morning light—'twas ours by setting
day ;
We crushed like ripened grapes Montreuil, we bore down
old Vihiers ;
We charged them with our naked breasts, and took them
with a cheer.
We'll hunt the robbers through the land, from Seine to
sparkling Rhone ;
Now, " Here's a health to all we love, our king shall have
his own."

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Abraham Lincoln.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note, nor long remember, what we say here ; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, *to be dedicated*, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us ; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Abraham Lincoln.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN : At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth on every point and phase of the great

contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his

appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN COMPARED.

Charles Sumner.

In the universe of God there are no accidents. From the fall of a sparrow to the fall of an empire, or the sweep of a planet, all is according to divine Providence, whose laws are everlasting. It was no accident which gave to his country the patriot whom we now honor. It was no accident which snatched this patriot, so suddenly and so cruelly, from his sublime duties. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Perhaps never in history has this providence been more conspicuous than in that recent procession of events where the final triumph was wrapped in the gloom of tragedy. It will be our duty to catch the moral of this stupendous drama.

For the second time in our annals the country has been summoned by the President to unite, on an appointed day, in commemorating the life and character of the dead. The first was on the death of George Washington, when, as now,

a day was set apart for simultaneous eulogy throughout the land ; and cities, towns, and villages all vied in tribute. More than half a century has passed since this early observance in memory of the Father of his Country, and now it is repeated in memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Thus are Washington and Lincoln associated in the grandeur of their obsequies. But this association is not accidental. It is from the nature of the case, and because the part which Lincoln was called to perform resembled in character the part which was performed by Washington. The work left undone by Washington was continued by Lincoln. Kindred in service, kindred in patriotism, each was naturally surrounded at death by kindred homage. One sleeps in the East, and the other sleeps in the West ; and thus, in death, as in life, one is the complement of the other.

Each was at the head of the republic during a period of surpassing trial ; and each thought only of the public good, simply, purely, constantly, so that single-hearted devotion to country will always find a synonym in their names. Each was the national chief during a time of successful war. Each was the representative of his country at a great epoch of history.

Unlike in origin, conversation, and character, they were unlike, also, in the *ideas* which they served, except so far as each was the servant of his country. The war conducted by Washington was unlike the war conducted by Lincoln—as the peace which crowned the arms of the one was unlike the peace which began to smile upon the other. The two wars did not differ in the scale of operations, and in the tramp of mustered hosts, more than in the ideas involved. The first was for national independence ; the second was to make the republic one and indivisible, on the indestructible foundations of liberty and equality. In the relation of cause and effect the first was the natural precursor and herald of the second. By the sword of Washington independence was secured ; but the unity of the republic and the principles of the Declaration were left exposed to question. From that day to this, through various chances, they have been questioned, and openly assailed—until at last the republic was constrained to take up arms in their defense.

Such are these two great wars in which these two chiefs

bore such part. Washington fought for national independence, and triumphed,—making his country an example to mankind. Lincoln drew a reluctant sword to save those great ideas, essential to the life and character of the republic, which unhappily the sword of Washington had failed to put beyond the reach of assault.

It was by no accident that these two great men became the representatives of their country at these two different epochs, so alike in peril, and yet so unlike in the principles involved. Washington was the natural representative of national independence. He might also have represented national unity had this principle been challenged to bloody battle during his life ; for nothing was nearer his heart than the consolidation of our Union, which, in his letter to Congress transmitting the Constitution, he declared to be “the greatest interest of every true American.” But another person was needed, of different birth and simpler life, to represent the ideas which in our day have been assailed.

Washington, always strictly just, according to prevailing principles, and ordering at his death the emancipation of his slaves, was a general and a statesman rather than a philanthropist. His origin—his early life—his opportunities—his condition—his character, were all in contrast with the origin, the early life, the opportunities, the condition, and the character of him whom we commemorate to-day.

Mourn not the dead, but rejoice in his life and example. Rejoice as you point to this child of the people, who was lifted so high that republican institutions became manifest in him ! Rejoice that through him Emancipation was proclaimed ! Above all, see to it that his constant vows are fulfilled, and that the promises of the Fathers are maintained, so that no person in the upright form of man can be shut out from their protection. Then will the unity of the republic be fixed on a foundation that cannot fail, and other nations will enjoy its security. The corner-stone of National Independence is already in its place, and on it is inscribed the name of George Washington. There is another stone which must have its place at the corner also. This is the Declaration of Independence with all its promises fulfilled. On this stone we will gratefully inscribe the name of Abraham Lincoln.

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

Barry Cornwall.

Belshazzar is king ! Belshazzar is lord ?
 And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board ;
 Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
 Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood :
 Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
 And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth ;
 And the crowds all shout,
 Till the vast roofs ring,—
 “ All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king ! ”

“ Bring forth,” cries the monarch, “ the vessels of gold,
 Which my father tore down from the temples of old :
 Bring forth ; and we’ll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
 To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone :
 Bring forth ! ”—and before him the vessels all shine,
 And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine ;
 While the trumpets bray,
 And the cymbals ring,—
 “ Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king ! ”

Now, what cometh ?—look, look !—Without menace, or call,
 Who writes, with the lightning’s bright hand, on the wall ?
 What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart ?
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart ?
 “ Chaldeans ! magicians ! the letters expound ! ”
 They are read,—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground !
 Hark !—the Persian is come,
 On a conqueror’s wing ;
 And a Mede’s on the throne of Belshazzar the king !

ADDRESS TO THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

Henry Ware, Jr.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs ! as from your throne
 Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
 Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes ?
 How formed, how gifted ? what their powers, their state,

Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
 The stamp of human nature? Or has God
 Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
 And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
 Still wear her native and untainted bloom?

Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
 And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and Hate,
 And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust
 Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
 And scatter woe where Heaven had planted joy?
 Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
 And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
 Without disease upon the frame, or sin
 Upon the heart, or weariness of life;
 Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
 And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of love?

Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
 Unfold! No language? Everlasting light
 And everlasting silence? Yet the eye
 May read and understand. The hand of God
 Has written legibly what man may know—
 The glory of the Maker. *There* it shines.

OUR ONE LIFE.

Horatius Bonar.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
 And sin is here.
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we,—
 One, only one;
 How sacred should that one life ever be—
 That narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale :
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below—how brief, and poor, and sad !
One heavy sigh.
O life above—how long, how fair, and glad,—
An endless joy.
Oh, to be done with daily dying here ;
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere !

O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue ;
O day of Christ—how bright ! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new !
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green ;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the-scene !

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

N. P. Willis.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them ; but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt,
That pang of the unreasonable heart,
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started ; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and high his brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there ; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as if it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O, no! by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence—anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.

She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and blood-shot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.

She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him further on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die ; and, watching him, she mourned :

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy !
I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye !
 And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers ;
 Or wiling the soft hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

“ Oh, no ! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
 An heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee !
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press,
 And, oh ! my last caress
Must feel thee cold ; for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
 Upon his clustering hair ! ”

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Anonymous.

Behold this ruin ! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot !
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor Love, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye ;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke !
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine ?
Or with the envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod ?

If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
 To seek Affliction's humble shed ;
 If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
 And home to Virtue's cot returned,
 These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.

DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

Charles Mackay.

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
 When a noble could do as he liked with his own !
 When his serfs, with their burdens well filled on their backs,
 Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax ?
 When his word was a statue, his nod was a law,
 And for aught but his " order " he cared not a straw ?
 When each had his dungeon and rack for the poor,
 And a gibbet to hang a refractory boor ?

They were days when a man with a thought in his pate
 Was a man that was born for the popular hate ;
 And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
 The man was too vile to be left unconfined ;
 The days when obedience, in right or in wrong,
 Was always the sermon and always the song ;
 When the people, like cattle, were pounded or driven,
 And to scourge them was thought a king's license from
 heaven.

They were days when the sword settled questions of right,
 And Falsehood was first to monopolize Might ;
 When the fighter of battles was always adored,
 And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord ;
 When the king, who by myriads could number his slain,
 Was considered by far the most worthy to reign ;
 When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
 A god in his life, and a saint in his death.

They were days when the headsman was always prepared—
 The block ever ready—the ax ever bared ;
 When a corpse on the gibbet aye swung to and fro,

And the fire at the stake never smoldered too low ;
When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted alive, or be drowned in a ditch ;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs were burned half a score at a time.

They were days when the gallows stood black in the way,
The larger the town, the more plentiful they ;
When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent ;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died ;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up together—again and again.

They were days when the crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach ;
When ignorance, stolid and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry swathed it from cradle to tomb ;
But the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.
And we are too wise, like the bigots, to mourn
For the darkness of days that shall never return.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

A mariner sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free ;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea ;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it towered then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlit ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well :
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched, as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell,—

For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed, as they passed the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along ;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water plows ;
But the ship is fleet and strong ;
The topsails are reefed, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood ;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud ;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim ?
Did it beckon him down ? Did it call his name ?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner looked, and he saw, with dread.
A face he knew too well :
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the waves was spread—
Was there a tale to tell ?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past :
A voice calls loud for thee ;
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last ;
The plunging ship on her beam is cast—
Oh, where shall thy burial be ?
Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken,
Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken ;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea.

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave
 To buffet the storm alone ;
 To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
 To struggle and feel there if none to save !
 God shield thee, helpless one !
 The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past ;
 The trembling hands on the deep are cast ;
 The white brow gleams a moment more,
 Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down, where the storm is hushed to sleep,
 Where the sea its dirge shall swell ;
 Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
 And the rose-lipped shell its music keep ;
 There thou shalt slumber well.
 The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side ;
 They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
 From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
 As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed ;
 The mother and child are there ;
 The fervent youth and the hoary head,
 The maid with her floating locks outspread,
 The babe with its silken hair :
 As the water moveth they slightly sway,
 And the tranquil lights on their features play :
 And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
 Away from decay, and away from the storm.

HALLOWED GROUND.

Thomas Campbell.

What's hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free.
 Unsoured by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee ?

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
He's dead alone that lacks her light !
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws :
What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome War to brace
Her drums ! and rend Heaven's reeking space !
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven ! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
 O God above !
The cause of Truth and human weal,
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See moldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt
That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan !
But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
 Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
 Can sin, can death, your words obscure ?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above ?
 Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time ;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !—
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground !

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves ; the spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life ;
 Sin committed while conscience slept,
 Promises made but never kept,
 Hatred, battle, and strife ;
 Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves ; no garnered sheaves
 Of life's fair, ripened grain ;
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds ;
 We sow our seeds—lo ! tares and weeds ;
 We reap with toil and pain
 Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves ; memory weaves
 No veil to screen the past :
 As we retrace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day—
 We find, sadly, at last,
 Nothing but leaves !

And shall we meet the Master so,
 Bearing our withered leaves ?
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,—
 We stand before him, humbled, mute ;
 Waiting the words he breathes,—
 “ Nothing but leaves ? ”

MORAL GLORIES.

Horace Mann.

A higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us ; and we find ourselves indued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore.

The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time ; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints ; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity ; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds,—all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light.

The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most

good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Arts of Arts.

Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration; but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvelous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air, and walks by its light, has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

CICERO AGAINST MARK ANTONY.

Translated by Lord Brougham.

This one day—this blessed individual day—I say, this very point of time in which I am speaking—defend it, if you can! Why is the Forum hedged in with armed troops? Why stand your satellites listening to me sword in hand? Why are the gates of the Temple of Peace not flung open? Why have you marched into the town, men of all nations,—but chiefly barbarous nations,—savages from Ituræa, armed thus with slings?

You pretend that it is all to protect your person. Is it not better far to die a thousand deaths, than be unable to live in one's own country without guards of armed men? But trust me, there is no safety in defenses like these. We must be fenced round by the affections and the good will of our countrymen, not by their arms, if we would be secure.

Look back, then, Mark Antony, on that day when you abolished the Dictatorship; set before your eyes the delight of the Senate and People of Rome; contrast it with the traffic you and your followers are now engaged in—then you will be sensible of the vast difference between glory and gain. Yet, as some stricken with a morbid affection, an obtuseness of the senses, are unable to taste the flavor of their food, so profligate, rapacious, desperate men, lose the relish of true fame.

But, if the glory of great actions has no charms for you, cannot even fear deter you from wicked deeds? You have no apprehension of criminal prosecutions—be it so; if this

arises from conscious innocence, I commend it ; but, if it proceeds from your reliance upon mere force, do you not perceive what it is that awaits him who has thus overcome the terrors of the law ?

But, if you have no dread of brave men and patriotic citizens, because your person is protected from them by your satellites, believe me, your own partisans will not bear with you much longer ; and what kind of life is his whose days and nights are distracted with the fear of his own followers ? Unless, indeed, you have bound them to you by greater obligations than those by which Cæsar had attached some of the very men who put him to death ; or that you can, in any one respect, be compared to him.

In him there was genius, judgment, memory, learning, circumspection, reflection, application. His exploits in war, how mischievous soever to his country, were yet transcendent. Bent for years upon obtaining supreme power, he had accomplished his object with vast labor, through countless perils. By his munificence, by public works, by largesses ; by hospitality, he had won over the thoughtless multitude ; he had attached his followers by his generosity, his adversaries by his specious clemency. In a word, he had introduced into a free state partly through fear of him, partly through tolerance of him, a familiarity with slavery.

With that great man I may compare you as regards the lust of power : in no other thing can you be, in any manner or way, likened to him. But out of a thousand ills which he forced into the constitution of our commonwealth, this one good has come, that the Roman people have now learned how far each person is to be trusted, to whom they may commit themselves, against whom they must be on their guard. Do these things never pass through your mind ? Do you not comprehend that it suffices for brave men to have learned how beautiful the deed, how precious the service, how glorious the fame of extirpating a tyrant ? When mankind could not endure Cæsar will they hear thee ? Henceforward, trust me, they will flock emulously to this work, nor wait for the lingering opportunity.

Regard the commonwealth for a moment, Mark Antony, I do beseech you. Think of the race you are sprung from, not the generation you live with. Be on what terms you please with me ; but return into favor with your country. That, however, is your own affair—I will declare my course.

Young, I stood by the country—old, I will not desert her. I defied the arms of Catiline—I will not tremble at yours ! Nay, I should cheerfully fling myself into the gulf, if my death would restore the public freedom, and the sufferings of the Roman people could thus be exasperated at once to the crisis which has been so long coming on !

For truly, if it is well nigh twenty years since I denied, in this very temple, that death ever could come before its time to a man of consular rank, how much more truly may I say so now, in my old age ? To me, Senators, death is even desirable, having lived to finish all I have undertaken to achieve. For two things only I feel anxious ; the one, that my eyes may close upon the liberties of Rome—a greater boon than this Heaven has not to bestow ; the other, that that fate may befall every one, which his conduct to his country has earned.

RICHARD OF GLOSTER.

John G. Saxe.

Perhaps, my dear boy, you may never have heard
Of that wicked old monarch, King Richard the Third,—
Whose actions were often extremely absurd ;

And who led such a sad life,

Such a wanton and mad life ;

Indeed, I may say, such a wretchedly bad life,

I suppose I am perfectly safe in declaring,

There was ne'er such a monster of infamous daring ;

In all sorts of crime he was wholly unsparing ;

In pride and ambition was quite beyond bearing,

And had a bad habit of cursing and swearing.

And yet Richard's tongue was remarkably smooth.

Could utter a lie quite as easy as truth

(Another bad habit he got in his youth) ;

And had, on occasion, a powerful battery

Of plausible phrases and eloquent flattery,

Which gave him, my boy, in that barbarous day

(Things are different now, I am happy to say),

Over feminine hearts a most perilous sway.

He murdered their brothers,
 And fathers and mothers,
 And, worse than all that, he slaughtered by dozens
 His own royal uncles and nephews and cousins ;
 And then, in the cunningest sort of orations,
 In smooth conversations,
 And flattering ovations,
 Made love to their principal female relations !
 'Twas very improper, my boy, you must know,
 For the son of a king to behave himself so ;
 And you'll scarcely believe what the chronicles show
 Of his wonderful wooings
 And infamous doings ;
 But here's an exploit that he certainly did do—
 Killed his own cousin Ned,
 As he slept in his bed,
 And married next day the disconsolate widow !

I don't understand how such ogres arise,
 But beginning, perhaps, with things little in size,
 Such as torturing beetles and blue-bottle flies,
 Or scattering snuff in a poodle-dog's eyes,—
 King Richard had grown so wantonly cruel,
 He minded a murder no more than a duel ;
 He'd indulge, on the slightest pretense or occasion,
 In his favorite amusement of decapitation,
 Until " Off with his head ! "
 It is credibly said,
 From his majesty's mouth came as easy and pat—
 As from an old constable, " Off with his hat ! "

And now King Richard has gone to bed ;
 But e'en in his sleep
 He cannot keep
 The past or the future out of his head.
 In his deep remorse,
 Each mangled corse,
 Of all he had slain,—or what was worse,
 Their ghosts,—came up in terrible force,
 And greeted his ear with unpleasant discourse,
 Until, with a scream
 He woke from his dream,
 And shouted aloud for " another horse ! "

But see ! the murky Night is gone !
 The Morn is up, and the Fight is on !
 The Knights are engaging, the warfare is waging ;
 On the right—on the left—the battle is raging ;
 King Richard is down !
 Will he save his crown ?
 There's a crack in it now !—he's beginning to bleed !
 Aha ! King Richard has lost his steed !
 (At a moment like this 'tis a terrible need !)
 He shouts aloud with thundering force,
 And offers a very high price for a horse.
 But it's all in vain—the battle is done—
 The day is lost !—and the day is won !—
 And Richmond is King ! and Richard's a corse !

ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

John Milton.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 " Doth God exact day labor, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies,—“ God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post e'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They, also, serve who only stand and wait.”

THE MOON'S MILD RAY.

John H. Bryant.

There is a magic in the moon's mild ray,—
 What time she softly climbs the evening sky,
 And sitteth with the silent stars on high,—
 That charms the pang of earth-born grief away.

I raise my eye to the blue depths above,
 And worship Him whose power, pervading space,
 Holds those bright orbs at peace in His embrace,
 Yet comprehends earth's lowliest things in love.
 Oft, when that silent moon was sailing high,
 I've left my youthful sports to gaze, and now,
 When time with graver lines has marked my brow,
 Sweetly she shines upon my sobered eye.
 O, may the light of truth, my steps to guide,
 Shine on my eve of life—shine soft, and long abide.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

Hartley Coleridge.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
 Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
 Of the unfathomed center. Like that ark,
 Which, in its sacred hold, uplifted high,
 O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
 And stock reserved of every living kind,
 So, in the compass of the single mind,
 The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
 That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
 To know thyself, and in thyself to be
 What'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
 Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
 Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
 Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

ON BEAUTY.

Shakespeare.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,

As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooded and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

DWELLINGS OF THE DEAD.

A sweet and soothing influence breathes around
The dwellings of the dead. Here on this spot,
Where countless generations sleep forgot,
Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound
There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
That bids me be contented with my lot,
And suffer calmly. O ! when passions hot,
When rage or envy doth my bosom wound ;
Or wild designs —a fair deceiving train—
Wreathed in their flowery fetters me enslave,
Or keen misfortune's arrowy tempests roll
Full on my naked head,—O, then, again
May these still, peaceful accents of the grave
Arise like slumbering music on my soul !

End

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 100 492 7